

CEGEP du Vieux Montreal occupied



photo by Alex Alpern

STUDENTS ARE EJECTED from the CEGEP du Vieux-Montréal by riot police. They were tricked into letting the officers in by their Director after occupying the building for 21 hours.

MCGILL DAILY

Vol. 60, No. 80, Montreal Friday February 19, 1971, three cents.

Postage paid in cash at 3rd class rate-permit no. 11024. — Return postage guaranteed at 3480 McTavish, Montreal.

Police reveal report

by Amin Kassam
and Morrie Schneiderman

An interview with Assistant Chief Inspector Guy Toupin about the events surrounding last Friday's demonstration still leaves several questions unanswered.

Prominent among these questions is exactly what was done with the information taken down by Sergeant Andre Audette during the demonstration.

According to Toupin, who is the commanding officer of the Western Division, all the information the Montreal Police have about the demonstration is contained in an official report filed by Inspector Benard Seguin of Station 10.

A copy of the report was made available to the Daily for inspection Wednesday.

DAILY STAFF

There will be a meeting Monday, Feb. 22 for all active members of the Daily. The purpose of this meeting is to elect the officers of next year's (1971-72) staff. Time — 3pm on; place — Union 327. Check the lists posted in the office to see if you are eligible to vote.

A portion of this report states, "Sur les lieux, trois photographes prenaient des photos." Only one photographer's name and address are listed; the McGill Daily's.

The Daily reporter who covered the demonstration saw an American photographer's name also being written down; in addition, the photographer was asked to produce his passport.

His name is conspicuously absent from the report.

Toupin concedes that particulars about the American may have been taken down but suggests that, if so, "the officer must have thrown it away."

The identity of the third photographer remains a mystery. A possible explanation may be found in Toupin's statement that "the Montreal Police normally take photographs at demonstrations."

"If newspapers can do it, why can't we?" he asked.

Eye-witness accounts also indicate the presence of at least one police photographer at the demonstration. The American was allegedly interrogated after he took a shot of an unmarked police car which had a photo lens protruding from one of its windows.

Demonstrators also claimed

that it was at this point that the police started asking the names and addresses of most of the participants.

However, the report lists only the name of the student who applied for the parade permit. Toupin stated emphatically that if any demonstrators' names were taken down by police, they would be part of this report.

He affirmed that "it is the right of everyone to say what they feel" and denied that the police take down the names of people participating in peaceful demonstrations.

Seguin's report terms the Juan Farinas demonstration "peaceful."

The significant thing about the latest statements from the Montreal Police is that they contradict what Seguin told the Daily Monday.

According to Seguin, the police report contained only "the names of two of the leaders of the demonstration and one reporter." This information was given to the Daily over the phone after Seguin asked for a moment to check the report.

Toupin, when faced with this contradiction, suggested that it might have been a mistake on Seguin's part.

"Policemen are human after all," he said.

by Françoise Joelle Roux

Students of the CEGEP du Vieux-Montréal yesterday occupied a campus building to protest the closing down of the Social Sciences pavilion.

The pavilion was closed down by the Administration following a clash between students and university officials over the establishment of free courses.

The Administration distributed letters to the students stating that if they wished to return to classes they would have to sign a declaration to observe new rules.

Among the conditions imposed upon returning students was that they agree not to participate in any "activities prejudicial to the good conduct of classes," or activities that would "bring discredit to the college."

Eight hundred demonstrating students expressed their opposition to the administration's stand by chanting, "We want to have our classes and will not sign the letter." They termed the letter "fascist".

Students occupied the Anathase David Arts building to protest against the Administration's "repressive" measures.

The occupation was well-organized with Food and Recreation committees looking after the welfare of the students. Meetings were also arranged between faculty and students to discuss what had taken place.

Arts and Social Science Faculty members supported the students. Teachers agreed not to give regular classes until students were allowed to return without repression on the part of the Administration.

Support was also expressed by the CEGEPs of Maisonneuve, St. Laurent and Ahuntsic.

The Administration, represented by M. Trudel, and the executive of the Teachers' Syndicate meanwhile came to an agreement that the college would be closed down Thursday and Friday and that classes would be resumed Monday.

This agreement did not satisfy the students who insisted that the Administration discuss "free classes". The occupation, which had started around 10 am Wednesday, therefore continued overnight.

At 7:15 am Thursday, Director Bumaylis, who had been in Quebec City during the crisis, appeared on the scene.

M. Bumaylis walked up to one of the back doors of the occupied building and demanded entrance. A student, unaware that the police were hiding in the vicinity, opened the door and the occupiers were overwhelmed by the sudden inflow of riot squad members.

Monsieur,
Mademoiselle,

(Si vous ne suivez aucun cours au Pavillon MARIE-VICTORIN, veuillez ignorer ce communiqué).

A la suite des événements de la semaine dernière, et considérant que les raisons invoquées par certains étudiants ne justifient pas le désordre présent et qu'un grand nombre d'étudiants désirent poursuivre leurs cours, la direction générale du Collège du Vieux Montréal se voit dans l'obligation de prendre les mesures suivantes:

1. — L'accès au pavillon Marie-Victorin sera interdit à tout étudiant, dès lundi matin, le 15 février.

2. — Tous les étudiants qui ont des cours à ce pavillon doivent se conformer aux conditions décrites au verso de la présente, et seuls seront admis aux cours ceux et celles qui accepteront, en totalité, les exigences de la direction du Collège.

Cette réadmission se fera le mercredi 17 février 1971 de 10 à 17 heures. Il vous faudra donc vous présenter au pavillon Marie-Victorin avec cette lettre dûment signée.

Le directeur général

P.S. — Il est entendu que tous les autres pavillons demeurent ouverts.

(Continued on page 10)

At 10, the students returned, entering the building by a back door to avoid security officers who were watching the front. Once inside, they were given the free classes they wanted by teachers who were sympathetic to their cause.

When the trusty men in blue attempted to expel the demonstrators approximately one hour later, tempers flared and there was some talk of "blowing up the administration."

A press release distributed by the students explained how the second occupation came into being.

It stated that a teachers' assembly had voted for the resumption of free classes in the Anathase David pavilion February 17. It noted that such classes had been held unofficially until the arrival of the police, and that both students and teachers wished to continue with the classes.

The press release expressed the hope that neither the Administration nor the riot police would interfere.

Later, some students who were demonstrating their frustration by throwing snowballs at nearby doors and windows said that this activity was just a beginning.

Waving their fists in the air, they added that they would "continue fighting".

The Daily learned late last night that another demonstration is taking place today at a different campus of the CEGEP du Vieux-Montréal.



McGILL MEN'S INTRAMURALS

MEN'S SQUASH TOURNAMENT

SQUASH - Deadline for entries is Monday, February 22nd.
- Play begins on Wednesday, February 24th.

Entries will be accepted at the Intramural Office, Room 7, in the Currie Gym or by calling the Intramural Secretary at 392-4730.

Participants will be contacted as to time of match.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHABAD CHASSIDIM

An invitation to Jewish College Youth to experience a joyful, authentic Shabbos within a Chassidic milieu

WHEN: Weekend of March 5 - March 7

WHAT: An opportunity to live, study and discuss in a Chassidic environment inspired with joyful heart warming song and dance.

WHY: To give students seeking a meaningful commitment a chance to explore Torah Judaism and Mysticism and to see how Chassidism can be the answer.

WHERE: Rabbinical College of Canada - 6405 Westbury ave.

- Participants will be housed with Chassidic families.
- No previous background or commitment necessary

FOR REGISTRATION AND FURTHER INFORMATION

Contact

LUBAVICH YOUTH ORG.

An encounter with Chabad
6405 Westbury ave.
735-2201 or
Prof. A Teitelbaum
Math. McGill U.
392-5802
or
Hillel House



Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions - \$3.00 maximum 20 words. 15 cents per extra word.

FORSALE

MR. TYPEWRITER HAS EVERYTHING in typewriters. Portable electrics from \$129 manuals from \$35. rentals from \$5. Free delivery repairs. STUDENT DISCOUNTS 4910 Sherbrooke W. 487-5551.

SKIS: HEAD COMPETITION 205 CM \$95.00. Straver competition GS-207 \$80.00. Dynamic Vrl7 1 year old - 207 \$90.00. Phone 849-5573 or 843-4490.

PAIR OF STEREO SPEAKERS. 20 watt. 9000 cycle crossover. Need money. Phone after 6 PM Monday to Friday. 481-8459.

1969 EQUIPPED MGB for sale. Like new. Unused last year. Best offer accepted. Call 748-9157 after 6 PM.

LE TRAPPEUR - Ladies "racer" ski boots. Like new, paid \$125, now \$50. fits size 6 1/2 shoe, can seat Union Rm. B46.

LARGE PRO BOOTS BM, fits shoe size 9. \$70. Fischer superglass 205; \$100. Head competition 205; \$70. John Aitken 849-0249.

HOUSING

GRADUATE STUDENT NEEDED TO SHARE furnished apartment, reasonable. Call Sylvia after 6 PM. 937-7958.

HUTCHISON, 3484 NEAR MILTON 1 1/2 room elevator, furnished. Short lease acceptable \$90.00 to \$115.00 apply direct or 739-4761 eve. 484-8131.

SUBLET: SPACIOUS 3 1/2 on Mackay St. semi-furnished \$120. Phone 845-7418 or 844-5887.

MISCELLANEOUS

STUDENTS-EUROPE FOR EASTER or Summer. Employment opportunities, economic flights, discounts. Write for information (air mail) Anglo America Association 60a Piye Street Newport 1 W. England.

CLASSICAL GUITAR LESSONS for beginners-near campus. Phone Marcel at 932-7866.

EASY RIDER, Sat. Feb. 20, 6; 8; 10:00 PM. L132, McGill University, \$1.00.

Steve McQueen does it again: THOMAS CROWNE AFFAIR, Friday, L132, 6:30 & 9:00, MFS assistant east-coast Promo, Co.

STUDENT TRAVEL AGENT: Madeleine Rosenberg, Atlantic Pacific Travel, reservations promptly arranged, groups or individual. Home Tel. 681-8641, Bus. Tel.: 735-4181.

ENGINEERING SKI CLUB TRIP to Mt. Tremblant - Sat. Feb. 20 - \$6.50. Sign up in McConnell Rm. 616.

THESIS ILLUSTRATION. diagrams, graphs, charts perspectives all done professionally. 24 hour service if required, good rates, call Graham anytime 332-2091.

NEW EROTIC PUBLICATION needs beautiful and highly uninhibited models-females and couples. Inexperience is no drawback. Writers, artists, cartoonists & photographers with high quality erotic material are invited to make submissions. Lucrative rates and aesthetic gratification. Leave name & phone number at McGill Daily Advertising office. Box E. 9-5.

GO, GO, everything and anything at BUS STOP, 5166, Queen Mary Midis. Minis. at moderate prices. We have what you want.

EUROPE FROM \$85. Call Tourbec. 849-2374.

One way flights to Europe and London. Call Yvonne 738-8651.

PEANUTS! Israel & Europe for 3 months \$550.00 Student Summer Tour 1500 St. Catherine St. West Suite 300 Montreal 107 931-1804 Ext 67.

ENCOUNTER WITH CHABAD - meet mysticism and chassidism on a contemporary level, geared to the college student; for info contact 514-735-2201.

Want to achieve proficiency in the breakneck sport of INNERTUBING? Donna will provide instruction and certificates at the M.O.C. tobogganing, innertubing and skating party. Meet Fri. 7:30 PM in front of the Union. Info. 283-3078.

TOM BRUNO OF POLITICAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT and Joseph Lella of Sociology will lead a talk and discussion "Organizational constraints on individual fulfillment in the Catholic Church." Friday 19, 7:15 at 3484 Peel St.

TIRED OF WATCHING OTHER PEOPLE? You can share your thoughts. Folk Mass, Back Door, 985 Sherbrooke West, Sunday at 5:00.

RIDES

CARS FOR DELIVERY To Western Canada, U.S.A. Maritimes and Toronto. Western. Drive Away 932-6151. 1225 St. Marc Suite 1204.

GIRL NEEDS RIDE TO N.Y.C. Thursday Feb. 26 and back Sunday or Monday. Will share expenses. Phone Chris 842-0571.

WANTED

ESSAYS ON ANY TOPIC IN LABOUR RELATIONS - and on Industrial Development in Quebec. Call Mr. P. Dent Room 838 (Tuesday only) Queen Elizabeth Hotel.

LOST

Would the person who found a BLACK WALLET on Monday please return it without the money to the Leacock porter.

BROWN DOG, shepherd blood in her, 6 months, if found contact Daily Office, Union.



ISA

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

EXECUTIVE ELECTIONS March 1, 1971

Nominations are called for the positions of;

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary
Public Relation Officers

Nominations close Friday, February 26th, 1971 at 5:30 P.M.. Nomination forms can be left in the mailbox of the president at the I.S.A. Office B. # 40.

Note:

The only qualification necessary is an interest in foreign student affairs.



The quick food energy drink.

Black conference to begin today

TORONTO (CUP) Today may be the beginning of a national organization of blacks to deal with oppression by white racism. The setting up of such an organization is the primary goal of a Black Peoples' Conference which begins today at Harbord Collegiate Institute here.

About 1,000 black students from across the country are expected to attend.

The conference, sponsored by black students of York University of Toronto, McMaster and McGill, was called because the organizers, "find at this point in time that it's necessary to call together the various groups to discuss their role in this society."

Black university students, unemployed blacks and black high school students must be "liberated through education" to combat the "inhuman treatment" given blacks by whites who are programmed to racist thinking, the organizers said.

Topics for discussion at the conference include problems of

black education in Canada, employment, housing and immigration, drugs and health in the Black Community and the role of black women in the Black Revolution.

Vernon Fund

In tribute to a distinguished teacher and colleague who passed away January 12, 1971. The Vernon Ray Memorial Scholarship Fund is being set up at Sir Winston Churchill High School.

It is hoped that a perpetual scholarship will be instituted whereby a worthy graduating student will receive an award.

All former students and associates who wish to contribute to this fund are asked to send their donations to:

The Vernon Ray Memorial Fund

Sir Winston Churchill High School
2505 Cote Vertu Road,
St. Laurent 382, Que.

Dr. N. J. Scaff, O.D.

OPTOMETRIST
EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST

• Eyes Examined

• Contact lens clinic

374 ST-CATHERINE ST W.

861-3761



Three Magic Words

An original musical comedy
see in the morning '70s

Feb 17-20 \$2.50

Student preview Feb 18 \$1.50

Mayne Hall McGill University

Tickets union box office 3489 McTavish
315-8715

24 HOUR FAST Teach-in For SOVIET JEWS

3460 Stanley Street

**Sunday February 21, 4 P.M. until Monday February 22
3460 Stanley Street**

Demonstration: Soviet Consulate, Ontario St. Monday 3 P.M.

Each participant must be sponsored financially for the 24 hour period. If you want to participate in the fast or pledge some money as a sponsor call:

**STUDENT STRUGGLE FOR SOVIET JEWRY
845-9105**

The money will be kept in a Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry Emergency Fund, to be used to aid Soviet Jews directly.

We need both sponsors and participants to make the Montreal effort a success.

CALL AFTER 7 P.M. SATURDAYS

This Saturday at 1pm in Leacock 26, a seminar on "How to Write a Term Paper Properly", will be held. All students in Sociology 210, and any other interested students are invited to attend. Essay forms, footnotes and essential do's and don'ts will be discussed.

**Tired of Watching other people?
You can share your thoughts,**

FOLK MASS

**Back Door Coffee House,
985 Sherbrooke St. W.,
Sunday at 5:00 P.M.**

THE ONE AND ONLY LIFE INSURANCE PLAN ENDORSED BY



**THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY
TO ITS MEMBER STUDENTS AND POST GRADUATE STUDENTS**

- Lowest Initial Cost.
- Lowest Net Cost, when changed to permanent.
- Life Time Coverage.
- Special Conversion at graduation.

PLANS AND BENEFITS

YEARLY PREMIUM

PLAN A

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$92.75
\$67.75

\$ 25,000 Death
\$ 50,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN B

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$69.25
\$44.25

\$ 15,000 Death
\$ 30,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN C

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$37.50
\$32.50

\$ 10,000 Death
\$ 20,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN D

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$45.75
\$20.75

\$ 5,000 Death
\$ 10,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN E

with G.I.B.

\$10.00

\$ 5,000 Death

ILLUSTRATED OF YOUR GUARANTEED PROGRAM FROM CONVERSION AND G.I.B. OPTION

G.I.B. options allow you to take, without proof of good health, 6 Permanent Life Insurance policies up to \$25,000 each for a total of \$150,000 by taking advantage of 6 of the following options in the manner herein stated. This in addition to conversion privilege.

	Maximum per option up to	Or you may use only
OPTION 1 Graduation	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 2 Marriage	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 3 Birth of a child	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 4 Post-	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 5 Age 25	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 6 Age 28	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 7 Age 31	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 8 Age 34	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 9 Age 37	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 10 Age 40	\$25,000	\$15,000

Maximum 6 options	\$150,000	\$90,000
Special conversion at graduation of \$25,000 Death and \$50,000 Acc. Death.	\$25,000	\$25,000
	\$25,000	\$25,000

TOTAL GUARANTEED LIFE INSURANCE PROGRAMME:

\$200,000 \$140,000

This illustration applies to all plans, because at graduation you have the "special" privilege to convert to \$25,000 Death and \$50,000 Acc. Death (even if your original policy has less than this amount).

Fill Out and Mail Student Enrolment Card Below!

PLEASE STATE PLAN AND BENEFITS
-- TAKEN FROM CIRCULAR --

ANNUAL PREMIUM

PLAN...

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$
\$

\$ Death
\$ Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options up to \$25,000 each)

Additional units of \$25,000 Death and \$50,000 Accidental Death, (added to plan A only).
... units at \$67.75 per unit.

TOTAL \$

TOTAL ANNUAL PREMIUM
Including Waiver of Premium
and Conversion Privileges.

\$

The premium must be sent with the application. Mode of payment is annual. However we accept payment by 2 cheques one which may be postdated. Add 0.50 to postdated cheque. Add: PLUS EXCHANGE to out of town cheques.

Herewith my cheque(s) of \$. . . \$. . .
Make cheque payable to the Company.

Mr., Miss MARRIED ☐
Mrs. SINGLE ☐
Your Full Name

Birth Place Prov., State, Country

Day Month Year Age
Nearest Birthday

Evidence of age required in due course.

Present Address Phone No.

Name of University
Faculty? Year?

Date first entered University Year of Expected Graduation:
Year of Expected Postgraduation:

Date.....19.....
Signature of life to be insured

The International Life Insurance Company

Head Office: Place Victoria Building, Montreal 115, P.Q. - Tel. 875-6270

YOUR LIFETIME PROGRAM UP TO \$200,000 OF DEATH BENEFIT AND G.I.B. FOR ONLY \$45.75

Black conference to begin today

TORONTO (CUP) Today may be the beginning of a national organization of blacks to deal with oppression by white racism. The setting up of such an organization is the primary goal of a Black Peoples' Conference which begins today at Harbord Collegiate Institute here.

About 1,000 black students from across the country are expected to attend.

The conference, sponsored by black students of York University of Toronto, McMaster and McGill, was called because the organizers, "find at this point in time that it's necessary to call together the various groups to discuss their role in this society."

Black university students, unemployed blacks and black high school students must be "liberated through education" to combat the "inhumane treatment" given blacks by whites who are programmed to racist thinking, the organizers said.

Topics for discussion at the conference include problems of

black education in Canada, employment, housing and immigration, drugs and health in the Black Community and the role of black women in the Black Revolution.

Vernon Fund

In tribute to a distinguished teacher and colleague who passed away January 12, 1971. The Vernon Ray Memorial Scholarship Fund is being set up at Sir Winston Churchill High School.

It is hoped that a perpetual scholarship will be instituted whereby a worthy graduating student will receive an award.

All former students and associates who wish to contribute to this fund are asked to send their donations to:

The Vernon Ray Memorial Fund
Sir Winston Churchill High School
2505 Cote Vertu Road,
St. Laurent 382, Que.

Dr. N. J. Scaff, O.D.

OPTOMETRIST
EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST

• Eyes Examined

• Contact lens clinic

374 ST-CATHERINE ST W.

861-3761



**Three
MAGIC
Words**

An original musical comedy
set in the roaring '20's

Feb 17-20 \$250

Student preview Feb 18 \$150

Mayne Hall McGill University

Tickets union box office 360 McTavish
375-8755

24 HOUR FAST Teach-in For SOVIET JEWS

3460 Stanley Street

Sunday February 21, 4 P.M. until Monday February 22
3460 Stanley Street

Demonstration: Soviet Consulate, Ontario St. Monday 3 P.M.

Each participant must be sponsored financially for the 24 hour period. If you want to participate in the fast-or pledge some money as a sponsor call:

STUDENT STRUGGLE FOR SOVIET JEWRY
845-9105

The money will be kept in a Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry Emergency Fund, to be used to aid Soviet Jews directly.

We need both sponsors and participants to make the Montreal effort a success.

CALL AFTER 7 P.M. SATURDAYS

This Saturday at 1pm in Leacock 26, a seminar on "How to Write a Term Paper Properly", will be held. All students in Sociology 210, and any other interested students are invited to attend. Essay forms, footnotes and essential do's and don'ts will be discussed.

Tired of Watching other people?
You can share your thoughts,

FOLK MASS

Back Door Coffee House,
985 Sherbrooke St. W.,
Sunday at 5:00 P.M.

THE ONE AND ONLY LIFE INSURANCE PLAN ENDORSED BY



THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY
TO ITS MEMBER STUDENTS AND POST GRADUATE STUDENTS

- Lowest Initial Cost.
- Lowest Net Cost, when changed to permanent.
- Life Time Coverage.
- Special Conversion at graduation.

PLANS AND BENEFITS

YEARLY PREMIUM

PLAN A

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$92.75
\$67.75

\$ 25,000 Death
\$ 30,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN B

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$69.25
\$44.25

\$ 15,000 Death
\$ 30,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN C

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$57.50
\$32.50

\$ 10,000 Death
\$ 20,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN D

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$45.75
\$20.75

\$ 5,000 Death
\$ 10,000 Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options
up to \$25,000 each)

PLAN E

with G.I.B.

\$10.00

\$ 3,000 Death

ILLUSTRATED OF YOUR GUARANTEED PROGRAM FROM CONVERSION AND G.I.B. OPTION

G.I.B. options allow you to take, without proof of good health, 6 Permanent Life Insurance policies up to \$25,000 each for a total of \$150,000 by taking advantage of 6 of the following options in the manner herein stated: This in addition to conversion privilege:

	Maximum per option up to	Or you may use only
OPTION 1 Graduation	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 2 Marriage	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 3 Birth of a child	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 4 Post-graduation	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 5 Age 25	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 6 Age 28	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 7 Age 31	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 8 Age 34	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 9 Age 37	\$25,000	\$15,000
OPTION 10 Age 40	\$25,000	\$15,000

Maximum 6 options	\$150,000	\$90,000
Special conversion at graduation of \$25,000 Death and \$50,000 Acc. Death.	\$25,000	\$25,000
	\$25,000	\$25,000

TOTAL GUARANTEED LIFE INSURANCE PROGRAMME: \$200,000 \$140,000

This illustration applies to all plans, because at graduation you have the "special" privilege to convert to \$25,000 Death and \$50,000 Acc. Death (even if your original policy has less than this amount).

Fill Out and Mail Student Enrolment Card Below!

PLEASE STATE PLAN AND BENEFITS
-- TAKEN FROM CIRCULAR --

PLAN...

with G.I.B.
without G.I.B.

\$
\$

\$ Death
\$ Accidental Death
\$150,000 G.I.B. (6 options up to \$25,000 each)

Additional units of \$25,000 Death and \$50,000 Accidental Death, (added to plan A only).
... units at \$67.75 per unit.

TOTAL \$

TOTAL ANNUAL PREMIUM
Including Waiver of Premium and Conversion Privileges.

\$

The premium must be sent with the application. Mode of payment is annual. However we accept payment by 2 cheques one which may be postdated. Add 0.50 to postdated cheque. Add: PLUS EXCHANGE to out of town cheques.

Herewith my cheque(s) of \$. . . \$. . .
Make cheque payable to the Company.

Mr., Miss

MARRIED ☐

Mrs.

SINGLE ☐

Your Full Name

Birth Place
and Date

Prov., State, Country

Day

Month

Year

Age

Nearest
Birthday

Evidence of age required in due course.

Present

Address

Phone No.

Name of University

Faculty?

Year?

Date first entered

University

Year of Expected

Graduation:

Year of Expected

Postgraduation:

Date.....19

Signature of life to be insured

The International Life Insurance Company

Head Office: Place Victoria Building, Montreal 115, P.Q. - Tel. 875-6270

YOUR LIFETIME PROGRAM UP TO \$200,000 OF DEATH BENEFIT AND G.I.B. FOR ONLY \$45.75

The CNTU on the lease situation

by arnold bennett

Every April the great majority of people in this city, including students, have to renew or negotiate leases. Many of them find themselves saddled with a document which lists a long string of obligations toward the landlord on the part of the tenant, and a comparatively short one toward the tenant on the part of the landlord.

The Montreal Council of the Confederation of National Trade Unions last month published a booklet designed to inform tenants of their rights under the Régie des Loyers and the Quebec Civil Code, and help them to negotiate on somewhat less uneven terms with their landlords. The booklet, "Le Locataire et ses Droits," also contains a lease-type which the CNTU and the Parti Québécois would like to see instituted by the Quebec government as a standard for the whole province.

Balanced reciprocity

The proposed lease differs from most actual leases in that there is a balanced reciprocity of obligations between tenant and landlord.

One innovation is a space in the lease for the actual physical condition of the dwelling to be described in detail, so that the tenant will not find himself responsible at the expiration of the lease for damages that were not his fault. Under the law the onus is on him.

The obligation of the landlord to keep the premises in good condition and to execute all major repairs should be clearly specified in the lease. Otherwise the proprietor may neglect to perform this function, or if he does, he may raise the rent immediately afterwards. If the promises do not fall under the jurisdiction of the Régie des Loyers there is almost nothing the tenant can do to block this type of move.

A dwelling falls under the jurisdiction of the Régie if it was constructed before April 30, 1951 and was rented for less than \$125 monthly as of December 1, 1962. In some municipalities in Quebec the jurisdiction of the Régie has been extended to dwellings built up to 1968, but the City of Montreal has declined such an extension.

Ideal lease

The CNTU's ideal lease would also oblige the landlord to heat the premises to not less than 72 degrees between October 1 and the beginning of May, as well as to provide hot water. There are numerous buildings in Montreal where the heating equipment is insufficient and/or deficient, so that tenants have to buy foul-smelling coal oil at their own expense in order to stay warm.

Conditions in actual leases for heating of the premises and for payment of the water tax vary. In many apartments the proprietor is responsible for both, while in many flats the tenant is.

The landlord should be responsible for all major and general repairs, for the maintenance of access routes, for snow removals, and for the upkeep of the elevator and plumbing. He should provide and maintain a stove and a refrigerator, unless the tenant chooses to use his own.

In an ideal lease the proprietor should renounce the legal presumptions of the Quebec Civil Code which put the responsibility for all damage done to the premises on the tenant, unless he can prove that the damage was not his fault or that of persons under his charge.

Repairs and fires

If the proprietor did not effectuate the repairs for which he was responsible under the lease, the tenant could, after ten days' written notice, retain the rent he owed and use it to have the repairs made. He would then be obliged to furnish receipts and justifications for the repairs to the landlord, who would remain responsible for paying back any excess paid out over the withheld

rent.

Furthermore, if the landlord failed to fulfil certain obligations under the lease, such as heating, the tenant would have the right to cancel the lease after 21 days' written notice, unless the defaults were remedied within that period.

In case of the premises becoming uninhabitable through fire or some other accident or happening, the tenant could exercise the option of cancelling the lease by giving a written notice to the proprietor, or of reoccupying the dwelling after repairs had been made. In the latter case, there would be no rent owed for the period during which the tenant had been obliged to live elsewhere.

Anything but equitable

One key additional obligation imposed upon the tenant would compel him to furnish the premises with movables having a value sufficient to guarantee at least three months' rent within a reasonable period after taking possession. In default of this obligation the proprietor could demand the cancellation of the lease after 15 days' notice, and the tenant would have to indemnify him with one month's rent.

Most leases, of course, are anything but equitable to the tenant. The question remains, therefore, one of what rights you as a tenant have under the present system.

There are not many ways you can get out of a lease. If you have one, you have to wait until it expires and follow to the letter its dispositions as to the method of informing the proprietor of your desire to terminate it.

If you don't have a lease or if the one you have does not specify means of termination, and if the dwelling falls under the jurisdiction of the Régie des Loyers, you have to give the owner written notice one month before expiration.

Rent and the lease

If you fail to give written notice within this period, you are responsible for the lease until the following May. That is, you're stuck for another year.

In order to demand a reduction in rent or a change in the condition of a lease, you are only in luck if the dwelling falls under the jurisdiction of the Régie. Otherwise you have no other recourse but your feeble power of negotiation with the proprietor.

Remember, if you are under the jurisdiction of the Régie, application must be made at least 30 days before the expiration of the lease.

If the dwelling falls under the Régie's jurisdiction, the proprietor must give you written notice of at least 30 days before expiration in order to increase the rent or otherwise change the conditions of the lease. If he does not, the old conditions remain in force for another year.

If you are in accord with the notice, you must signify your agreement in writing to the proprietor. If you are not in accord you must address yourself immediately to the Régie and present a demand for the prolongation of the lease and for the fixing of the rent.

This application must be made within ten days after receipt of notice from the proprietor.

Appeal

The decision of the Régie is not final. You have 30 days in which to contest it by going to the office of the Régie and filling in the appropriate appeal forms.

You cannot be evicted until a final decision has been reached by the Régie. During



this period you pay only the rent stipulated by the old lease. Supplementation of or reimbursement from this amount must be paid by you or by the proprietor within 20 days after the Régie's final decision.

If this decision is handed down more than three months after the date of application, the Régie can divide the payment of the supplement into equal monthly payments spread over a period not exceeding six months.

If the landlord fails to fulfil some obligation in the lease and you want a reduction in rent, it is possible to obtain it through the Régie. Again, if you are not under the Régie's jurisdiction, the normal, long process before the courts is applicable.

Evictions

In cases where the dwelling becomes uninhabitable or dangerous to the public or its occupants, you can obtain recourse through the Régie or through the courts. The Régie can order the temporary evacuation of the premises under conditions which it considers opportune to protect the tenant and to permit the proprietor to make repairs.

There are eight set conditions under which the proprietor is permitted to evict you:

- if you are more than three weeks late in payment of the rent and still have not paid by the time the Régie hears the case;
- if you or someone for whom you are responsible behave in such a manner as to constitute a serious source of trouble for the proprietor or the neighbours, in the judgement of the Régie-appointed administrator;
- if the premises are occupied for immoral purposes or against some public order law or regulation;
- if you continue to occupy the premises for more than three days after a departure date written in the lease;
- if the house is overpopulated to the extent of presenting serious physical or moral dangers to its occupants;
- if you have transformed the premises into a boarding house without the permission of the proprietor;
- if the house has been acquired by a municipal, school, or church corporation or by some educational institution or hospital which wants to use it for public purposes — in case of a prolonged lease you generally have up to 30 days to clear out;
- if you or someone for whom you are responsible deteriorates the premises, either voluntarily or through negligence.

- Should the proprietor wish to evict you in order to let the premises to one of his immediate relatives, he must give you 90 days' notice before the expiration of a one-year lease, and 30 days' notice in all other cases.

Onus on the landlord

The notice must mention the date on which he intends to retake possession, the name of the new tenant, and how he is related. You must reply within 30 days; otherwise you are obliged to accept eviction.

The Régie can hear the two parties if it has jurisdiction. The onus is on the proprietor to prove good faith.

You are allowed to sublet unless the lease forbids it. However, the rent must still be paid by you to the proprietor.

Finally, those rights of action which you have against the proprietor must be exercised before the courts and do not permit you to make your own justice. You cannot cancel the lease arbitrarily.

A Radical Economist on Economics by doug dowd

reprinted from *liberation*

I have taught economics for over twenty years. I have known countless students of earnest mien and intent who — not then taking economics courses — have asked "What courses should I take?" "What books should I read?" Thinking back on those conversations, I can recall that the farther back in time the questions were asked the more positive were the suggestions I made. Nowadays there is an embarrassing pause, as I look into the questioner's eyes to see if I am being put on (or down). Both the world and econ have changed for the worse and both are connected.

In what ways? In ways that make the same kinds of connections between what happens in Indochina and in Chicago, in the abuse of technology and of language, in the pollution of our air and of our political life, in the decay of our cities and our morality, in the militarization of our foreign policy, our economy, our lives. It is all, as the man said, a seamless web. (And what is said here about econ applies with about as much validity to the other "social sciences.")

For getting straight on what's wrong with economics, it may be useful to begin obliquely with another area of life whose development, being more a part of our daily lives, is easier to comprehend. I refer to technology. Economics, for reasons to be indicated later, includes no serious discussion of the relationship between technology and economic life; but it does have an attitude. The attitude is that technological change is an unmixed blessing, reducing costs that somehow, some day, will be translated into lower prices and better products for consumers, making life better for workers, adding up, over time and in mysterious ways, to an ever-closer approximation to Nirvana. As to how technological change takes place, economists have noticed that major breakthroughs have not been made in the backyards of neighborhood kooks but rather in research and development labs; what they fail to discuss, or even to recognize, is that all the characteristic technological changes of the present period have been war-born and war-related. The literate man in the street takes it for granted — whether or not he sees it as desirable — that the ideas and techniques generated by scientists and engineers have been adapted and used almost entirely by and for those in power. The farther back in time we go, the more that has meant the power of businessmen; the closer to the present we come — closer to the period of conscious and ferocious American imperialism — the more we are talking about the intrusion of military stimuli and criteria. Power is a great vacuum suction pump, taking, using, and spewing out what lies at hand — and, when it is held imaginatively, creating opportunities for its servants to push ahead more swiftly. But you can take a Ph.D. in economics and never hear a word about it.

As with technology, so with education; and as with education, so with the training, the inclination, the rewards, the sanctions of professionals. American economists are professionals (as they are also in socialist societies).

By definition, professionals serve the system of which they are a part. The scheme of rewards and penalties within which this transpires is all the more powerful for being only barely codified, and, where codes exist (e.g., the requirements that lead to a higher degree), there being the appearance that each and every code or *modus operandi* has been decided upon individually and freely — even, in the view of the best servants of the system, creatively. There is no need of overall regulation and supervision, let alone codification. The rules that need no printing are, as Veblen said in another connection, "the parchment on which the (rules) are written."

To serve the system as an economist one need not be a mere parrot, repeating "supply and demand." Indeed, it should not be necessary to point to the continuous and sharp controversy that goes on within the other professions and, for that matter, within the church, or the Pentagon; even, one may guess, in the White House. Of course. But there are fundamental questions that, if occasionally raised, are not systematically. And the more basic they are the less likely they are even to be asked, let alone explored.

There are radical professors of economics — some overt, most covert. They serve some marginal function, like good teaching, or being a house radical or because they put in their time as professionals — contributing straight courses, books, and articles. (The most famous instance is perhaps Paul Sweezy's hilarious article on the kinky oligopolistic demand curve. I, at least, thought it was hilarious. Most of the professionals argue about it very seriously, and perhaps even Paul took it seriously when he wrote it, way back in 1939).

There is another reason why radicals are kept around, subtler, and therefore more important and telling, and it is but a part of the larger question of why universities are "kept around." To understand this reason helps us to understand how the naivete of complaining students is encouraged by the confusion of (among others) their professors. It is this: Almost all academics (and among them, not least

KARL MARX Capital

UNABRIDGED
VOL. 1 A Critical Analysis
of Capitalist Production

Edited by
Frederick Engels



The grand-daddy of radical economics

the economists) see themselves clothed in a garment softer and more radiant than the servant's denim; see themselves, often, as some approximation of Brahmin and pundit. The confusion among academics (and newspaper editors, and liberal politicians, and... — as to what they are doing, and for whom, and why, merges naturally into the confusions that both they and students hold as to whether radicals should be tolerated on campuses (especially in the social sciences).

Although the higher learning has gone through many qualitative changes since its medieval beginnings, the one constant is that the functions and structures have moved in rhythm (usually syncopated) with the changing functions and structures of the societies within which the higher learning has subsisted — and been paid for. The very existence of economics (and other social science) departments, is a phenomenon of the past century; and within the past generation those departments have been articulated into specialized compartments between which very little communication takes place — as virtually none does between the various areas of the social sciences. (Given their separate inadequacies, the lack of such communication can scarcely be seen as entirely unfortunate.)

It is entirely understandable, because so human, that as the universities have discovered different and more vital and intense ways of serving the powers that be, they have also developed rationalizations that tell themselves and the world that they are serving something more abstract, something easier to dignity with words: Mankind, and Truth. Consequently, radical academics, who also profess to serve Mankind and Truth, cannot be rejected for doing so. They are rejected because they are incompetent — which sometimes means not publishing the quantity or kinds of things that are esteemed in the academy (either because they are clearly useful to fund givers, or clearly useful in making the field more like it has been), sometimes means they just irritate their colleagues. But radicals also put a pleasant gloss on what might otherwise be an ugly apparatus; and they are kept around (quite unconsciously on almost everyone's part) so long as the game does not get too bloody. Marcuse might call it a form of repressive tolerance. Melville, speaking through Captain Ahab, might say of the University: "My means are reasonable; only my ends are mad." Within such a setting, sadly, some radicals, trying to beat the game, cease to be functionally radical; instead, they succeed as professionals — and shrivel up as human beings. Today, not a few are amongst the most hostile to student radicals.

What kind of economics comes from the profession? The base of what we now have first came to be developed in the last quarter of the nineteenth century (especially in England). It was called neo-classical economics. Great Britain in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was pre-eminent as an industrial, commercial, financial, and military power. Its nationalism was so intense the British were unconscious of it; and their arrogance as the world's leading power was so unconscious that the doctrines they developed were put forth quite blandly as being for the welfare of all mankind. What's good for GB is good for... What may be said of Britain's institutionalized nationalism

(to adapt the useful "institutionalized racism" of today) as it shaped the new economics, may be said also of the arrogance of the ruling business circles in Britain. The new economics assumed that the unfettered evolution of British capitalism was to the advantage not only of the entire world, but also, of course (and perhaps a bit sooner) for the entire population of Great Britain. Adam Smith, Ricardo, J.S. Mill — not to mention Marx — would have snorted at that.

The analytical focus of neo-classical economics was how to make the most of limited resources (assuming unlimited wants); or, how to maximize efficiency; or, how to economize. That was economics. Their predecessors, the classical economists, were political economists — Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, J.S. Mill, or Marx, — they were concerned with the political, social, technological, distributive, and ideological setting within which the process of economic change took place. Neo-classical economics changed all that.

Their fundamental starting-point and assumption was — and remains — scarcity, which connected naturally with the goal of efficiency. Most of what the classical economists had looked at, the neo-classicists assumed away, took as given. Assumptions are, in all theories, the key to the whole thing; that is, what is not looked at tells us what is not inquired into, or understood, let alone resolved; and what was looked at by the neo-classicists tell us what economists and those with power in their society took to be important.

Taken as given were time, social institutions, and technology, among other things. Placed beyond the analytical pale, in other words, were questions of quality of society, the nature of technology (let alone its meaning, and even more its changing meaning over time), and all questions of political and social change and conflict.

What, you may ask, was left for economists to analyze? Not entirely in jest, Joan Robinson (one of the very best professionals and also a radical of a high order) once said the apparatus was designed, at best, to answer the question: "What determines the difference in price between an egg and a cup of tea (*ceteris paribus*)?" That kind of question — about demand and the determination of relative prices — relates also to the determination of costs (under very restrictive assumptions, and with an attitude toward technology that must be called aloof), and finally zeroes in on optimum production schedules for individual business firms having no political, economic, or social power and therefore no interest in such questions (in the theory). Having begun with this tiny point, the theory works out to the behavior of industries, and of the entire economy (with similarly restricted forays into wage and profit determination and foreign trade) and succeeds in building an inverted pyramid that is an aesthetic marvel to behold.

It is also worse than useless for understanding the behavior of a modern industrial capitalist economy, because economists work out from this kind of theorizing into making policy recommendations that always run the danger of being taken seriously — and that drive serious young people away from economics in droves. Those who are not serious, or who have just the right kind of neurosis, become economists. Some advise President Nixon, causing more trouble for the system than all of us put together.

One defect of neo-classical economics was that among the things it assumed away was the very possibility of the kind of depression we then had in the thirties. Confronted with long lines of unemployed, with industrial production that fell toward the half-mark in three years after 1929, and with businessmen whose swooping dives from their office buildings made circus acrobats uninteresting, the profession stuck with its popguns, and proclaimed that wages were too high. In addition, economic theory (which had developed to fit the needs and inclinations of laissez-faire capitalism) also stated firmly that any government intervention to help the economy would in fact make matters worse.

Politicians in the western countries couldn't be so relaxed, and as the depression worsened and spread in the early Thirties, policies were developed on a ramshackle basis to find work for some of the starving unemployed. But then, in the mid-Thirties, Keynes and associates put forth the General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money, which provided a rationale for what governments were doing, but also explained the depression. The explanation was crude, pointing very simply to the relationships in a modern industrial capitalist society that mean full employment, far from being the natural and normal state of things, is something toward which and away from which the economy moves. More to the point, Keynes showed that the economy could fall into a depression and stay there, left to itself — as more than one economy was doing in the early Thirties. Art copies nature.

So stultified was economics that when Keynesian theory began to make an impact it was called "The Keynesian Revolution." By 1952 one economist whose intelligence outweighed his enthusiasm called it the "Keynesian Revolution." (Continued on page 10)

A Radical Economist on Economics by doug dowd

reprinted from *liberation*

I have taught economics for over twenty years. I have known countless students of earnest mien and intent who — not then taking economics courses — have asked "What courses should I take?" "What books should I read?" Thinking back on those conversations, I can recall that the farther back in time the questions were asked the more positive were the suggestions I made. Nowadays there is an embarrassing pause, as I look into the questioner's eyes to see if I am being put on (or down). Both the world and econ have changed for the worse and both are connected.

In what ways? In ways that make the same kinds of connections between what happens in Indochina and in Chicago, in the abuse of technology and of language, in the pollution of our air and of our political life, in the decay of our cities and our morality, in the militarization of our foreign policy, our economy, our lives. It is all, as the man said, a seamless web. (And what is said here about econ applies with about as much validity to the other "social sciences.")

For getting straight on what's wrong with economics, it may be useful to begin obliquely with another area of life whose development, being more a part of our daily lives, is easier to comprehend. I refer to technology. Economics, for reasons to be indicated later, includes no serious discussion of the relationship between technology and economic life; but it does have an attitude. The attitude is that technological change is an unmixed blessing, reducing costs that somehow, some day, will be translated into lower prices and better products for consumers, making life better for workers, adding up, over time and in mysterious ways, to an ever-closer approximation to Nirvana. As to how technological change takes place, economists have noticed that major breakthroughs have not been made in the backyards of neighborhood kooks but rather in research and development labs; what they fail to discuss, or even to recognize, is that all the characteristic technological changes of the present period have been war-born and war-related. The literate man in the street takes it for granted — whether or not he sees it as desirable — that the ideas and techniques generated by scientists and engineers have been adapted and used almost entirely by and for those in power. The farther back in time we go, the more that has meant the power of businessmen; the closer to the present we come — closer to the period of conscious and ferocious American imperialism — the more we are talking about the intrusion of military stimuli and criteria. Power is a great vacuum suction pump, taking, using, and spewing out what lies at hand — and, when it is held imaginatively, creating opportunities for its servants to push ahead more swiftly. But you can take a Ph.D. in economics and never hear a word about it.

As with technology, so with education; and as with education, so with the training, the inclination, the rewards, the sanctions of professionals. American economists are professionals (as they are also in socialist societies).

By definition, professionals serve the system of which they are a part. The scheme of rewards and penalties within which this transpires is all the more powerful for being only barely codified, and, where codes exist (e.g., the requirements that lead to a higher degree), there being the appearance that each and every code or *modus operandi* has been decided upon individually and freely — even, in the view of the best servants of the system, creatively. There is no need of overall regulation and supervision, let alone codification. The rules that need no printing are, as Veblen said in another connection, "the parchment on which the (rules) are written."

To serve the system as an economist one need not be a mere parrot, repeating "supply and demand." Indeed, it should not be necessary to point to the continuous and sharp controversy that goes on within the other professions and, for that matter, within the church, or the Pentagon; even, one may guess, in the White House. Of course. But there are fundamental questions that, if occasionally raised, are not systematically. And the more basic they are the less likely they are even to be asked, let alone explored.

There are radical professors of economics — some overt, most covert. They serve some marginal function, like good teaching, or being a house radical or because they put in their time as professionals — contributing straight courses, books, and articles. (The most famous instance is perhaps Paul Sweezy's hilarious article on the kinky oligopolistic demand curve. I, at least, thought it was hilarious. Most of the professionals argue about it very seriously, and perhaps even Paul took it seriously when he wrote it, way back in 1939).

There is another reason why radicals are kept around, subtler, and therefore more important and telling, and it is but a part of the larger question of why universities are "kept around." To understand this reason helps us to understand how the naive of complaining students is encouraged by the confusion of (among others) their professors. It is this: Almost all academics (and among them, not least

KARL MARX Capital

UNABRIDGED
VOL. 1 A Critical Analysis
of Capitalist Production

Edited by
Frederick Engels



The grand-daddy of radical economics

the economists) see themselves clothed in a garment softer and more radiant than the servant's denim; see themselves, often, as some approximation of Brahmin and pundit. The confusion among academics (and newspaper editors, and liberal politicians, and... — as to what they are doing, and for whom, and why, merges naturally into the confusions that both they and students hold as to whether radicals should be tolerated on campuses (especially in the social sciences).

Although the higher learning has gone through many qualitative changes since its medieval beginnings, the one constant is that the functions and structures have moved in rhythm (usually syncopated) with the changing functions and structures of the societies within which the higher learning has subsisted — and been paid for. The very existence of economics (and other social science) departments, is a phenomenon of the past century; and within the past generation those departments have been articulated into specialized compartments between which very little communication takes place — as virtually none does between the various areas of the social sciences. (Given their separate inadequacies, the lack of such communication can scarcely be seen as entirely unfortunate.)

It is entirely understandable, because so human, that as the universities have discovered different and more vital and intense ways of serving the powers that be, they have also developed rationalizations that tell themselves and the world that they are serving something more abstract, something easier to dignity with words: Mankind, and Truth. Consequently, radical academics, who also profess to serve Mankind and Truth, cannot be rejected for doing so. They are rejected because they are incompetent — which sometimes means not publishing the quantity or kinds of things that are esteemed in the academy (either because they are clearly useful to fund givers, or clearly useful in making the field more like it has been), sometimes means they just irritate their colleagues. But radicals also put a pleasant gloss on what might otherwise be an ugly apparatus; and they are kept around (quite unconsciously on almost everyone's part) so long as the game does not get too bloody. Marcuse might call it a form of repressive tolerance. Melville, speaking through Captain Ahab, might say of the University: "My means are reasonable; only my ends are mad." Within such a setting, sadly, some radicals, trying to beat the game, cease to be functionally radical; instead, they succeed as professionals — and shrivel up as human beings. Today, not a few are amongst the most hostile to student radicals.

What kind of economics comes from the profession? The base of what we now have first came to be developed in the last quarter of the nineteenth century (especially in England). It was called neo-classical economics. Great Britain in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was pre-eminent as an industrial, commercial, financial, and military power. Its nationalism was so intense the British were unconscious of it; and their arrogance as the world's leading power was so unconscious that the doctrines they developed were put forth quite blandly as being for the welfare of all mankind. What's good for GB is good for... What may be said of Britain's institutionalized nationalism

(to adapt the useful "institutionalized racism" of today) as it shaped the new economics, may be said also of the arrogance of the ruling business circles in Britain. The new economics assumed that the unfettered evolution of British capitalism was to the advantage not only of the entire world, but also, of course (and perhaps a bit sooner) for the entire population of Great Britain. Adam Smith, Ricardo, J.S. Mill — not to mention Marx — would have snorted at that.

The analytical focus of neo-classical economics was how to make the most of limited resources (assuming unlimited wants); or, how to maximize efficiency; or, how to economize. That was economics. Their predecessors, the classical economists, were political economists — Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, J.S. Mill, or Marx, — they were concerned with the political, social, technological, distributive, and ideological setting within which the process of economic change took place. Neo-classical economics changed all that.

Their fundamental starting-point and assumption was — and remains — scarcity, which connected naturally with the goal of efficiency. Most of what the classical economists had looked at, the neo-classicists assumed away, took as given. Assumptions are, in all theories, the key to the whole thing; that is, what is not looked at tells us what is not inquired into, or understood, let alone resolved; and what was looked at by the neo-classicists tell us what economists and those with power in their society took to be important.

Taken as given were time, social institutions, and technology, among other things. Placed beyond the analytical pale, in other words, were questions of quality of society, the nature of technology (let alone its meaning, and even more its changing meaning over time), and all questions of political and social change and conflict.

What, you may ask, was left for economists to analyze? Not entirely in jest, Joan Robinson (one of the very best professionals and also a radical of a high order) once said the apparatus was designed, at best, to answer the question: "What determines the difference in price between an egg and a cup of tea (*ceteris paribus*)?" That kind of question — about demand and the determination of relative prices — relates also to the determination of costs (under very restrictive assumptions, and with an attitude toward technology that must be called aloof), and finally zeroes in on optimum production schedules for individual business firms having no political, economic, or social power and therefore no interest in such questions (in the theory). Having begun with this tiny point, the theory works out to the behavior of industries, and of the entire economy (with similarly restricted forays into wage and profit determination and foreign trade) and succeeds in building an inverted pyramid that is an aesthetic marvel to behold.

It is also worse than useless for understanding the behavior of a modern industrial capitalist economy, because economists work out from this kind of theorizing into making policy recommendations that always run the danger of being taken seriously — and that drive serious young people away from economics in droves. Those who are not serious, or who have just the right kind of neurosis, become economists. Some advise President Nixon, causing more trouble for the system than all of us put together.

One defect of neo-classical economics was that among the things it assumed away was the very possibility of the kind of depression we then had in the thirties. Confronted with long lines of unemployed, with industrial production that fell toward the half-mark in three years after 1929, and with businessmen whose swooping dives from their office buildings made circus acrobats uninteresting, the profession stuck with its popguns, and proclaimed that wages were too high. In addition, economic theory (which had developed to fit the needs and inclinations of *laissez-faire* capitalism) also stated firmly that any government intervention to help the economy would in fact make matters worse.

Politicians in the western countries couldn't be so relaxed, and as the depression worsened and spread in the early Thirties, policies were developed on a ramshackle basis to find work for some of the starving unemployed. But then, in the mid-Thirties, Keynes and associates put forth the General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money, which provided a rationale for what governments were doing, but also explained the depression. The explanation was crude, pointing very simply to the relationships in a modern industrial capitalist society that mean full employment, far from being the natural and normal state of things, is something toward which and away from which the economy moves. More to the point, Keynes showed that the economy could fall into a depression and stay there, left to itself — as more than one economy was doing in the early Thirties. Art copies nature.

So stultified was economics that when Keynesian theory began to make an impact it was called "The Keynesian Revolution." By 1952 one economist whose intelligence outweighed his enthusiasm called it the "Keynesian Revolution." (Continued on page 10)

Charles Reich: the new consciousness in America

Charles Reich is the author of the best-seller "The Greening of America", an attempt to explain the new cultural and revolutionary consciousness of Modern America. Reich's book has been described as "an establishment version of the revolution" by Herbert Marcuse (whom Reich says he still loves) and as being "profoundly anti-intellectual... obvious racist overtones" by Stewart Alsop in Newsweek. The Nation termed the book "the myth of ecstatic community." In short the book has been attacked by the left, right and centre. The following is an excerpt from an interview with Reich conducted by Alan Rinzler of Rolling Stone.

You use the expression "old consciousness" and "new consciousness"... Could you tell us exactly what you mean by this and how these different kinds of "consciousness" are described in "The Greening of America"?

Well, I started out to write about what has been wrong with America. Originally it was to have centered on a structural description of what I call the corporate state, the machine. A machine that is now out of control and in my view making war on human beings wherever one can find them; it is making war on people in Southeast Asia, it is making war on our own people at home. I wanted to make an analysis of how that machine works; I thought that I had learned how it works by being a lawyer in Washington DC for seven years.

You began the book the years ago?

That's right. The original title was "The Coming of the Closed Society." It was a depressing book and it would have been a big down to read. Eventually, as it went, I began to see that there was something very big missing in my analysis, but it wasn't until '67-68 that I began to really understand what it was. I began to realize that the thing that was really wrong in America was that most people couldn't understand their own society. And because they couldn't really understand it they couldn't do anything about it when it got out of hand. This ignorance, of course, was fostered by all the media, by the politicians, by just about every contact that came into them. So the people in America were victims of a whole false view of their society. And so we have the fantastic situation of today, when we see most politics and most politicians are talking about issues that don't exist.

For example...

Talking as if people who are on welfare are there because they are lazy. And still the myth is predicated: they should go to work! There is no work for them to do; there is no way they could work; there is no training that would enable them to work at the present time. And we go on deceiving ourselves and we are willfully deceived by those to whose advantage it is to deceive us. So I began to see that there were just incredible gaps in our understanding of reality. And, for example, when you had an argument with a man who began with a different conception of reality, you were just wasting your time because he would just never meet you head on.

From that I got the idea, for which I later had to find a word. The idea is "consciousness," or awareness, or knowledge of reality, which is by no means my own idea. It's as old as Plato. Marx worked with it and Marcuse worked with it and a novelist like Henry James was concerned about it. And what I did is to begin to say is there any systematic way that in which we can observe major kinds of consciousness in America, individual kinds of perceptions and realities. And I thought about that and I tried many different kinds of arrangements. Six kinds, eight kinds, types "a" and "b" and so on. I never aimed at labeling people but I was interested in talking about the problem of gaps in reality and the major kinds of differences in consciousness. I finally got down to three. And I think that they ring true even though they are constructs or fictions or oversimplifications.

It seemed to me that one major sort of consciousness — what I called Consciousness I — was that which believed that the individual can make his own destiny in an economic sense by competing against other people and succeeding where they fail. Like a sports event, a track meet or a football game: good, vigorous, healthy competition, the best man wins, the old morality play that we see when we watch pro football. And that man had to believe in a kind of pioneer America before the days of massive organization, where the good fight is good for the rest of us, good for society.

Or course that's often carried one step further— sort of fuck your neighbor before he fucks you.

Well, that's right. And it becomes a very terrible thing.

a kind of jungle world. One of the things that's so awful about the people of the first consciousness is their incredible suspicion of other people. Their absolute lack of faith.

Even if they're your friend, they're not really your friend because in some sense they never really trust anyone. This state of consciousness makes people unable to deal with present-day society first because they can't understand it at all, and second because they feel absolutely alone and the only way you can handle this thing now is to get together. It's only by establishing a sense of community that there is any power in any of us today.

The second kind of consciousness— Consciousness II— accepts the fact we live an organized life and says that reality consists of where you have gotten yourself in the organization. It is just as profoundly mixed up about reality as the first consciousness because it says, for instance, if I am an assistant vice president, or if I am an associate professor, or if I have just been to a dinner given by very important people for very important people, that's happiness, that's good, that's human, that's success. And Consciousness II doesn't know anything about, let's say, beaches or mountains because those are not reality to Consciousness II: it thinks if you are an assistant vice president you're happy. Happiness is status, happiness is power relationships with other people.

Beaches can figure in that status.

Right, they become a kind of token of status. That is you have a villa on the beach, or you have an elegant cocktail party. Any of those things could be used for status. But it's a complete false use of an ocean to use it to prove what a success you are. These people have become the consciousness of liberalism, of intellectuals, of the organization man, of the achievement-oriented person, of the meritocracy, the person who wanted to get good grades.

Self-worth, self-evaluation as defined by role.

You are just as good as society says you are.

A lot of people like that commit suicide.

Sure, because if they slip a little or get put down, what do they think of themselves, who are they then and what's the point of their lives? You can see people like that in high school, already accumulating class offices, athletic awards, good grades. High school produces the model boy who gets the principal's pat on the head and has good grades and a good out-of-class record and he's president of his class. His happiness is a wholly artificial thing. It's been put on him by society. And if he didn't have all these people telling him he was a model boy, he might find he was wretchedly miserable because he wasn't doing anything he really wanted to do. You can't say to Mr. Associate Professor of English, "Wouldn't you rather be on a beach right now?"

Which brings us to Consciousness III.

Nearly. It seemed to me that there was no way out — that there would only be a short road to despair or a police state or whatever else was coming. Unless there could be a new consciousness of reality—a new knowledge of what was important about being a human being. Up to '67 I thought it was going to still be a case of a few individuals that understood these things. A minority. Always a minority that already had two strikes against them because they were maybe already black, or in disgrace, artists or homosexuals, people who were already unaccepted by the society, so nobody would take what they said seriously. Who could listen to them? Losers.

Freaks.

Right. Then I got out—in the depths of despair—I got out to Berkeley in the early summer of 1967... And incredibly I saw that my vision was about to come true, I couldn't believe it. I knew that all of a sudden there were all kinds of people who knew and felt the things that I'd known and felt for so long but hadn't been able to communicate with anybody because I was sure I'd be taken for a misfit myself.

What did you see?

Well, John Lennon has said it all in "Here Comes the Sun" — I saw that faces were getting more beautiful. I saw that there was a thaw in people—that people were becoming less rigid, less uptight, less determined to adhere to some image, that they were beginning to bloom in terms of their clothes, of their relaxation and their whole love of life was coming out of them. It was like the Beatles said: it's been a long, cold, lonely winter. And suddenly people



Charles Reich

were getting together, people other. I felt such a surge of hope this so long so that when I saw

What was it?

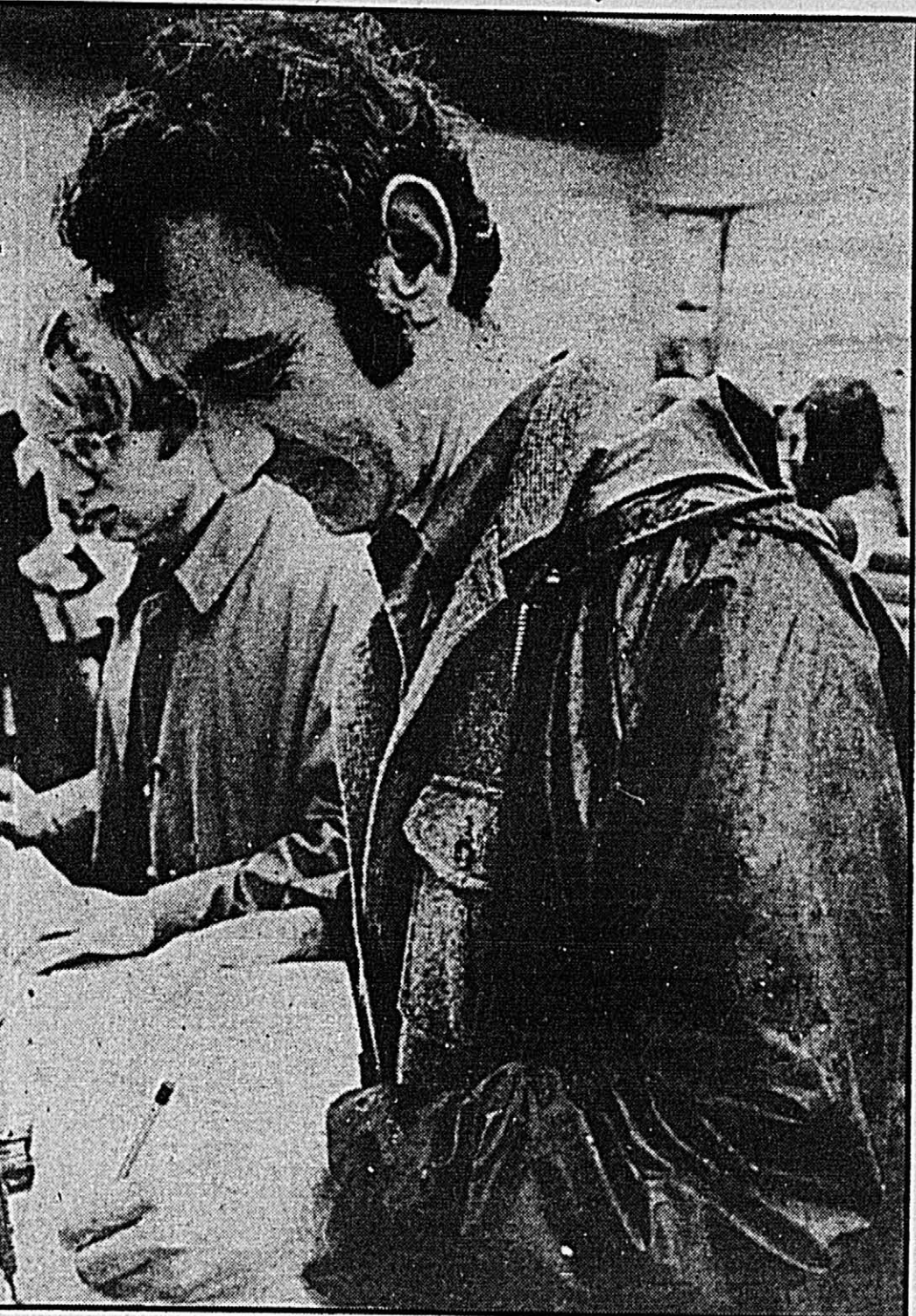
It was, in the metaphor of the book, I would have called "Sterile Land" because that's reborn refusing to be coated with out of the pavement. Incredibly born just in Cuba, or in the tain top, they were being reborn. Suddenly right out people who were once more ca

This is what you call Consciousness III.

Yes, this was the new consciousness. In the summer of '67, I said to myself—this terrible, ugly, hideous world by green I meant every color. Spring, I meant that the world for one second backed off from its madness has seen bad times and I've never doubted for one second

How did you see it manifest itself in life style and personal relationships?

Well, it was in little things at a stranger, or a person coming out of shaking hands, hugging, hugging people—all my life I've had



we were starting to be nice to each other. I'd been thinking about it I knew what it was.

that I've used, humanity coming
pavement. It was a rebirth. And
away, maybe, with the subtitle of
it "The Rebirth of People in a
what it was—humanity being
with cement and coming up right
ly enough, they weren't being re-
Bahamas, or on some moun-
born right in the heart of the
of the machine were coming
table of love.

Business III?

consciousness. And in the sum-
this is the greening of America,
landscape is becoming green—
or, I meant all the colors of
I was going to it and I've never
m that wisdom. That conscious-
will see more bad times, but
and the truth in what I saw.

manifested specifically in terms of symptoms?

things, like a person smiling
ning up to a friend and instead
All of my life I've wanted to
d a desire to hug people that I

cared for but I never dared to do it. I always thought people would back away or look horrified and suddenly it was a thing that people were doing.

Then another thing is I heard two albums. The first was Sergeant Pepper and the second was the Jefferson Airplane's Surrealistic Pillow. I grew up in the Forties. Then there was rock and roll in the mid-Fifties and I immediately liked it. But I was afraid. I'm an intellectual, what business have I got liking this—I was sort of embarrassed, I have a very fine collection of 45s bought in that period. But there was no person my age that I could share this with—no person my age that wouldn't say, "Oh how ridiculous. Why don't you listen to Mozart or Beethoven."

Anyway I understood instantly the incredible act of love that the Beatles had done for us all when they said, "What would you do if I sang out of tune". . . would you stop listening? Because "I've got to tell you"—we've got a new role to tell you about, they were saying. And I could have, being 39 years old or whatever—I could have said 'I don't want to know about your new role and I don't want to listen to you and I don't want to hear you sing out of tune.' But I wanted a new world, too. So I said, alright Beatles, you can sing to me and I'll listen. Well, if you were willing, the Beatles were going to take you to Pepperland. It meant leaving home, leaving your old place, "she's leaving home"... you know. But you will have your friends, and when you got to this new place it would be like turning on, I knew that they were singing about a world that I had never experienced, I think older people can have two kinds of reactions to this: on is envy and anger, the other is to go there yourself.

Then there was the Jefferson Airplane: those incredible notes of those electric guitars going up, up, up. I just thought

this music was straight from heaven. I'd always known that fog and mist and ocean and trees were beautiful, that I cared more about them than I did about a law library, or an office, or a testimonial dinner, or getting a new title. So I said, "Wow, I've had all these dreams, but I haven't believed in them enough to really live or act on them." And now these kids come along and they show a person like me to have been a miser of my own dreams—to have not lived my own dreams.

But what about this new consciousness, Consciousness III? Once you get there do you just go off to the beach?

We're clearly down to the most important subject we're going to talk about. Because the new consciousness obviously involves all the things that human beings do—all the kinds of work they do, all the ways they live together in society; it isn't just music and trees. Every person wants to function and functioning for a person means using their abilities and their power and strength.

I just met a fellow who said "I'm reading 'Greening of America' and thinking maybe I should drop out of Law School."

Well maybe he should—maybe that's not his trip, maybe he went to law school because his parents wanted him to go. But there are some people who love law, though, and only the people that love it should do it. The biggest problem now in the new consciousness is that most of us haven't learned how to do most things in a new way and so we're in a moment which in some ways seems almost a moment of despair. In a sense we're exhausted, for the moment at least, the possibilities of just hitchhiking and playing the guitar in the streets, just wearing groovy clothes. When you get into that for two or three years, when you've been through the drug thing for awhile, you begin, it seems to me, to want to start functioning on a level that is personally satisfying. That means a different thing for each person—for some person it might mean being a doctor, for another person it might mean working with handicrafts, for another person it might mean design, like architectural design. But I could never be happy just sitting on a beach the rest of my life, much as I love beaches, because I have abilities in me that cry out to work.

Work is a biological necessity, just like sex. Real work is like when people who love music play music. Most of us can't play music but there is something else that we can do. For example, one talent that I don't question in myself is that I'm a good teacher.

Teaching means being able to explain things, to express things, to articulate thing in a way that other people can relate to, and I've always been able to do that, all my life. If I could do it on the guitar, I'd do it on the guitar. I can do it because it's in my genes or whatever.

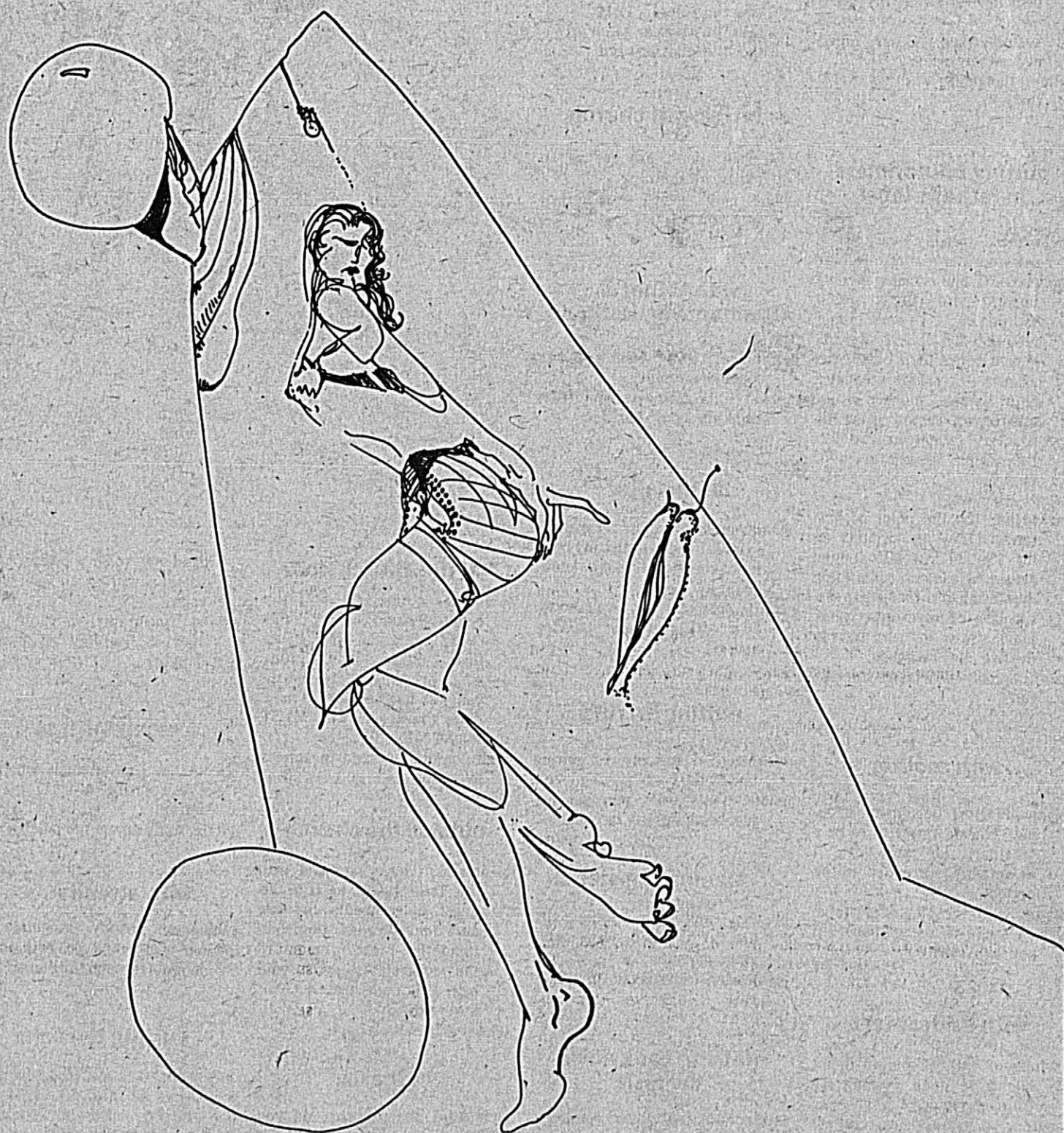


"John Lennon has said it all in "Here comes the Sun" - I saw that the faces were getting more beautiful...I felt such a surge of happiness...I've never doubted for one second the truth in what I saw."



the Supplement

FEBRUARY 19, 1971



a dialogue

adolph eichmann &
pontius pilate

by barry wexler



in mirror or window

eichmann: i want to discuss my work with you
pilate: if your looking for pretties...

putting on veil

eichmann: (earnestly) i had a vision, i saw a love... a simple love... a love that just was... pure and...
pilate: a perfect love that asked nothing
eichmann: i loved the way football players embraced... a girl's bareness made me disbelieve... i saw my life... an act of love... a desperate gesture when you have failed everywhere else
pilate: (laughing) wanting everything

putting boutonniere
in father's lapel

eichmann: (getting excited) i saw nuns wearing machine guns... i saw cripples feeding fingers into their pencil sharpeners... i saw super talking c.b.c. heavy weights kicked out of their brass beds forever. ... i saw cleopatra girls hauling model's bags, washed up behind make up counters caught in one terrible raid... here is a list of rooms...
pilate: c.b.c. what?
eichmann: (on the point of hysterics) i saw my virginity on the line... i saw HIS stained glass windows splintering into fishnets... i saw HIS t.v. specials dissolve into snow-falls... i saw my own face in the fire... my own face!
pilate: (cooly) i've seen the pictures

with mother

eichmann: (out of control, sobbing) i meant my body to be a sanctuary for my gift... i meant my surrender to be perfect...
pilate: (just the hint of a smile, a smile of recognition) but you were sterile

with bridesmaid

eichmann: (still weeping) i didn't kill to be alone. i didn't kill from envy of god.
pilate: you had a vision... an act of love...

leaving the house

eichmann: in answer to my critics... i admit the flesh on my soul... many ghosts... sacrificed... yes their image still recurs... here god is YOUR determined hunter...
pilate: thus the neon flashing
jesus
thus your bathroom crucifix
thus the mean sister
thus the tortured prodigy
thus the six day bicycle rider
thus the jukebox angel
thus your itching diary
thus your sailor punishment
thus the high class poet's groupy
thus the affected pianist
thus the junky priest
thus our cracked tambourine
thus the deceitful lover
thus the holy fuck
thus your religious crisis
thus your shampoo showdown
thus the sidewalk lover
thus the streetcar gambler
thus the toilet seat god

arriving at church

eichmann: don't use me as an excuse for anything
pilate: cunt... when was the last time you got laid?

with father &
attendants in vestibule

eichmann: pain! what do you know of my pain?
pilate: i am growing dull from thinking about your pain.

at the altar

eichmann: (now fully recovered) i think i feel semitic. my chin feels semitic... i don't know about my teeth...
pilate: (laments) we never know how to greet our saviors never...

putting on ring

eichmann: i was always getting laid by the boss
pilate: thats what you get for just being a pretty face

signing register

pilate: (muttering under his breath) i killed jesus who killed janis...
eichmann: i am about to forget you...

walking back down
the aisle

eichmann: i want a new begining
pilate: i know who i'm following

at the church door

eichmann: (stuttering) i was a beautiful blond country bombshell... first on the dance floor... my face held a promise... my earliest teachers... you just had to look at me... i was a teenage... YOU MUST WANT ME...
pilate: (mockingly and meanly) a living suicide

outside the church

eichmann: i have arranged with the local tailor to take his finest silver needle and sew our two eyelids together. (tenderly) i have instructed the coiffeur to grow your hair into mine and my hair into yours...
pilate: very hip

in the car

eichmann: shame. what do you know of my shame? i never

liked my voice... i know the voice i wanted to use with you...

pilate: (interrupts) i can't get over it... an act of love... (laughs)

receiving line

eichmann: i never know whether i'm enjoying myself or suffering
pilate: don't expect too much

with attendants

eichmann: nobody recognizes us
pilate: who could really see us looking through their scars

cutting the cake

eichmann: i want to know the secret of life possessed by everyone else but me... i wonder how much i can say

about me which is in any way true?

pilate: (amused) the more you wiggle, the deeper you sink

the toast

eichmann: do you know who i can open to find someone to restore my faith?

pilate: everybody is a junky don't matter what you've done everybody is a junky don't matter what you've done if we're ever going to get out of here

SOMEBODY BETTER GET HIP SOON

The Bedroom

carving a simple passion caressed by violence their two bodies enveloped in blood and silence



PASCHAL

by Frederic Louder

Mary, how does your soul grow?
Souls.

Grow, and behave.
Then mine grows free and green.

Mary-other, that soul's dead.
Still,

Here's the grave.
An angel hides in your husband's

cell:
Between his jaws and his hands
a scroll

Falls. Free, green, connected,
he grows

Rampant in his build.
If souls behave so, get out of

this mess;
He'll show up in a brush of
tares.

Mary-mother, how is your new
son?

Sad, and helpless.
Puts letters together, and stares.

by rene akstinas

gold chains girdle your waist
rattling as you walk...

the more one watches you
wondering who your jeweller is
the less inclined to make a path

If one threw you into a river
with all that wealth
you would surely drown
In all directions...
but even the water's paid for.

the fat man who lives in a tub all day
reading a newspaper for outside

information

has a belly covered with hair
and toes that stick out of the water

in the afternoon he bathes

and in the evening
in the darkness can be heard
the dangerous sound of water
sucked down the drain

Pilot

by rene akstinas

I love you
digger of stars

even as your wings
catch fire

falling through the sky

even flowers hear your whispers

I love you pilot
even as you fall

a perfect ball of flame
becoming a star

SEPTEMBER 1966;
LEAVING NEWFOUNDLAND

by frederic louder

Scrambling among the blueberries,
That man with two heads, with one leg,
You never see him.

But he watches you on the barrens
On this miserable island with its green
cliffs,
The rotting quartzes, the moss, the ground
pine.

You never saw him, John Cain
and Johnney Maher:

The quick squeak under the rock
And it scampering into the gorge.
He was a beast
Issued by the fornication of Hermes,
in those days.

by frederic louder

7 1/2
I thrive under my eyebrows when I absorb
Configurations; when innate thought's thews
Snap under a surfeit of face, I think my instress
Falls, me.
When my face thrills with the stem of the exact verb
I live under the Burning Bush: All this no news
To Isabel who so far declines to tell me
Whether the stress is insight, or something less.

Hands

by rene akstinas

Hands are broken that fingered her coat
opening it button by button...
her eyes opening from sleep,
flowers to the rain.

The child in the other room
screams
his pyjamas unbuttoned by
virgin hands that were rough
on her body. Child's body
disclosed to pain.

What we see here tonight is not right
for suddenly
the thousand fingers of light
that have unbuttoned
are handless.

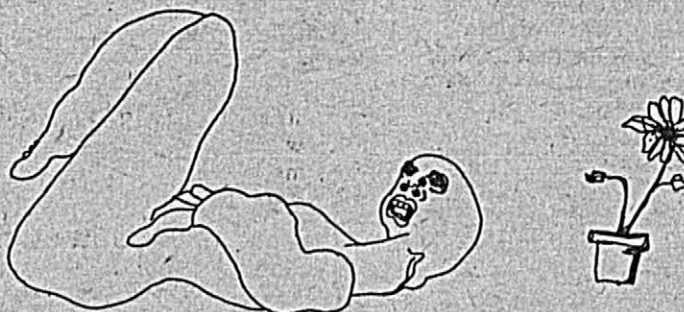
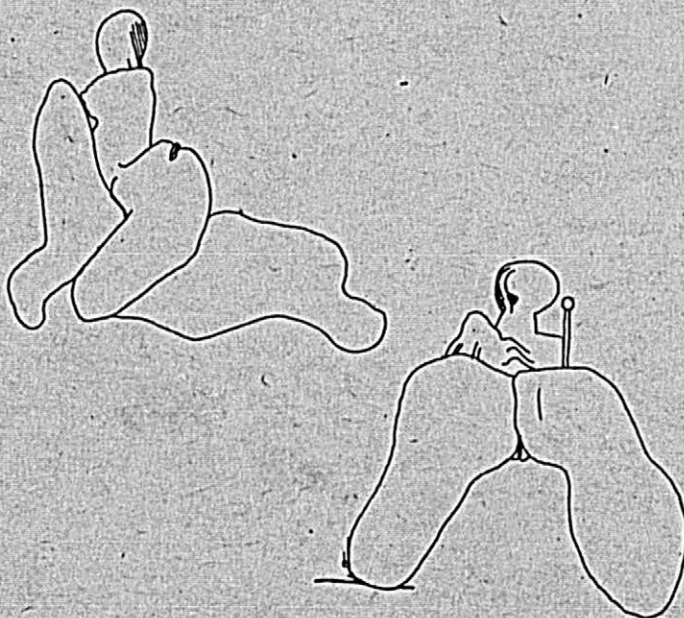
LESSONS IN POETIC PSYCHO-
LOGY — TAKING HER THROUGH
THE BIBLE BELT.

by frederic louder

Miss Ixaphyll, you want to explore
my head?
Just wade on in. But You ought
to put on
High boondockers in that
swamp.
Pieces of a lot, too — where a
shredding log
Is still a log, somehow. Don't
walk over things,
Learn to put up with mosquitoes
and marsh fog.

Some fool said the Phoenicians
Drifted to Caroline, left stony
oracles;
I know better, I'm one of them:
Started out kidnapped
Twelve hundred years ago, got
set on a ship,
Mined in Britain, took nine wives
away,
Was written about a lot; they
brought me here,
Set me by a cedar,
And we went to mud together.

So look hard at that written-on
stone thing,
If you slip on it, because for that
kind of chance
It'd be all right to risk the mean
snakes.
— What if it opens its jaws and
slithers off?
— Oracles are like that, girl.
The breaks.
Twilight comes early here. Lots
of confusion then.
— Ugh!
— Miss Dido, you gotta learn
all over again.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO REVOLUTIONARY
LOVERS

by rene akstinas

Madame, may I kiss your breast, I am a revolutionary
Go revolutionize yourself

Madame, I can turn your ass into strange shapes
with long smiling faces
Go I am not a revolutionary

Madame, I'll tickle you with my beard and plant a red
star in your belly
Go away

Madam, let's be revolutionaries!
Stop
I have only begun
Carry your star into the street
I can't
I'm not interested in revolution
Neither am I, bend over
I can't
I'll raise my flag
(She with a sigh) I'll open my window
We'll destroy motorcycles and horses
We'll eat shit
We'll copulate with the Palais de Justice
We'll masturbate the arms of the fuzz
We'll queer their wives
(Pause) Madame, my I kiss your breast, I am

TATSU (THE DRAGON) ¹

by valerie booth

As the dragon
that winds in
the wind spirals
like 'cryo' 2 in jewel-

led arrayment with
tail sceptred in em-
pirical fashion, it cra-
shes the glass of the

palace gate cloistered
in Winter's dark hol-
low; thunder created
from the soul

of fire, elated, with
life-giving essence, it
lays low 'fore the bed
of th'imperial power, re-

leasing from lacquered jaws
the Pearl, venom-red, which
he sets in the temple of that
'bright moon'

and the Emperor dreams
of war

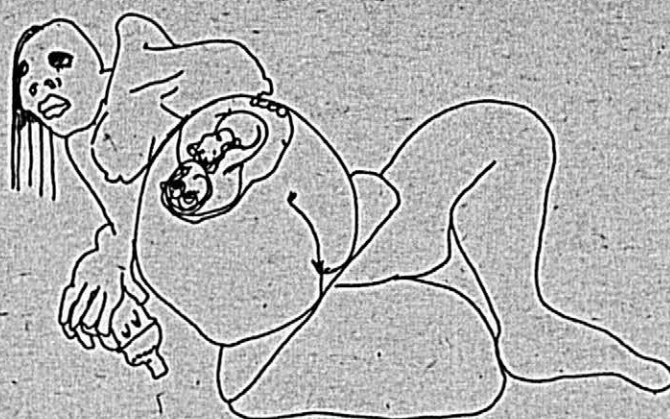
**POEM ON A BUS**

esmond choueke (se 7)

Oooh! Jittery young
Fresh-stockinged girls
Giggling on my bus
Feeling for the first time
That power
Inside their minds and thighs
Use wide eyes and look
And look
Around
Look inward and upward
Use wide-open ears
And listen
And speak
And hear and talk
Trying to get inside all heads
Only to learn
Many years hence
That the true medium
To all of it
Lies not in air's waves
But in their own soft sensitive
exteriors

by ric white

tree
tops
are like
rain
deer
antlers

**A Hidden Mine**

by valerie booth

So, jewel! Now your time has come
To die. Now the winter snows
Will touch your brow without
Response from you, without your
Remembering the old days...
Days when we could talk together
In that poor hovel you called home.

Margaret — you called it your home
Before you knew that there was another
Home, waiting for you; another bit
Of earth to surround you — body
And soul, like a small jewel, fitted
So perfectly into its setting.

This is your casket, then.
This earthy box that has put
So much greater a price on its jewel.
Cut and polished, than she would
Ever have dreamed —
Here in her hidden mine
On earth.

by peter richardson

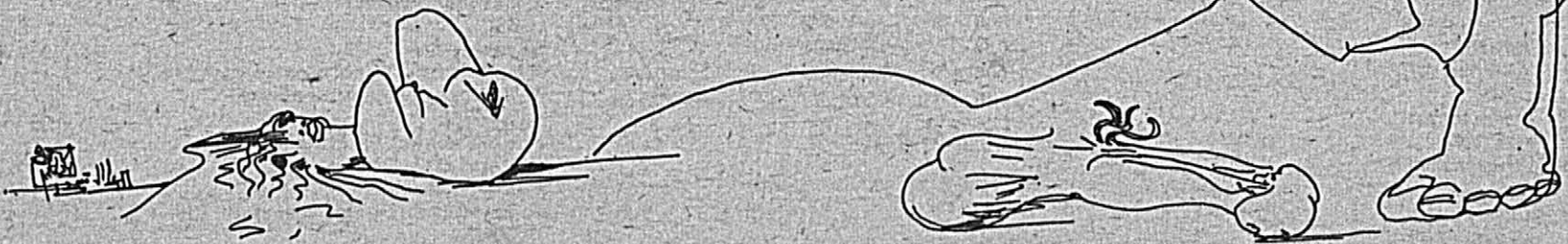
Swoop dipping to Bagg Street,
flat t ened lime

r
i
l-
o
b
i
the
e
size

of asp
leaves:
reign
upon the
pavement, expire
and acquire
grating legs
of wind.

by rené akstinis

after she dresses
she powders her face after
her lipstick's removed she
puts it back on and
after the wig she powders
her heels and after all that
she goes back to bed after
her lover's awoke in a dream
before he showers he's fast
asleep and after all that
they make love again
before undressing and
falling awake

**NOVEMBRE CRITIQUE
(le medium c'est le message)**

by J. Mortenson

One other night
came the shouldering sharp
snow
with a dusty cap
of white
though

at first
no-one knew
where to turn to
or from the dearth
of hail
forcing people, hurt,
to shelter.

Softening to a sleazy
sleet
trying deceptively
to deceive
children

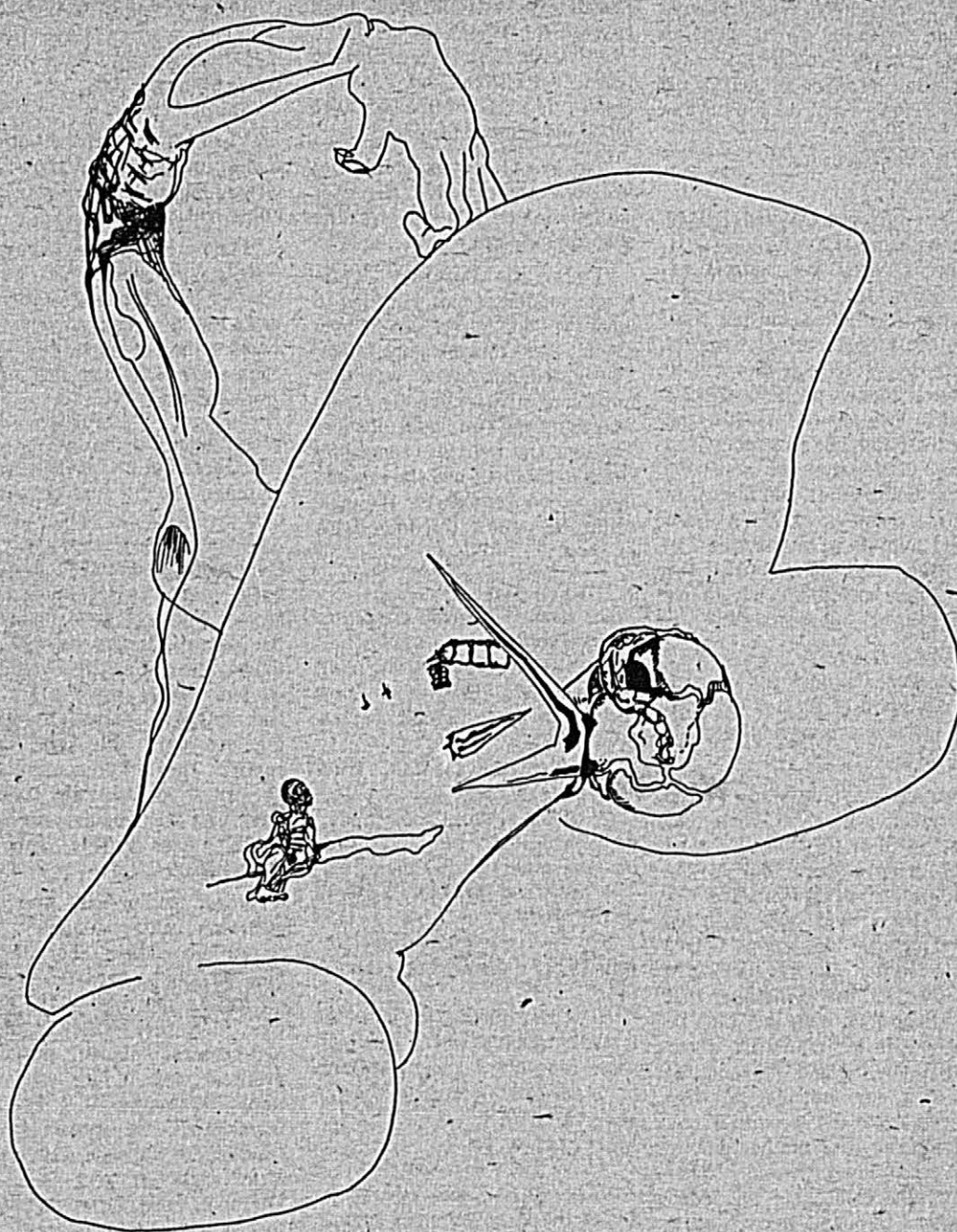
out to play,
and when they
did,

hiddenly
grew stepfatherly
on houses
and tied itself to trees
by a moist heaviness
which successfully
muffled sight and sound
in a bonded
blanket of soft
effective censorship.

Now
that man
has polluted
marked and monumented
the land
he
must
of needs
turn to sea
which, heretofore,
has permitted
no record
but that
which she
has given
unto land;
man.

SKIN AND BONES

A SHORT STORY BY
NANCY NAGLIN



She'd just come from the bank. Before that she'd gone to the post office, paid the bills for the month and had a very pleasant fifteen conversation on the telephone with her mother. She had that full feeling that comes from taking money out of the bank and knowing that she had been brief, controlled, and in charge of her mother. In fact, she was feeling very good about that. But what would her analyst say about this thirty-four year old woman feeling good because she controlled her mother for fifteen minutes on a single Monday afternoon?

She shook her head back and forth on the corner waiting for the light to change. You've never had an analyst because you always thought you were too goddam smart to have an analyst. But you're curious, though. She smiled although her lips never parted. It was only 12:30.

She wanted to use the phone in the drugstore across the street. She stepped off the curb when the light turned yellow. She knew the druggist in there. He was this creepy guy who read everybody's prescription trying to figure out their lives, and their diseases, and their sex lives. She had no respect for doctors or snotty druggists who thought they were doctors.

She reached into her purse for a dime. There was a lot of money in the bill fold. She could do anything this afternoon. And it's only 12:35. It's just the beginning of the day...

She put the dime in the slot and waited for the phone to ring. She picked up the receiver and dialed the number. 694...

Margery was thirty-four, well-built, and still slender. In 1957 she was twenty-one years old. She'd gone to college, was lukewarm to a succession of boy-friends, had one lover in the four years, and graduated with distinction. She worked for a publishing house for several years in New York, acted for amateur play houses, and was vaguely dissatisfied with her life. Eventually, she met a man who wrote commercials and married him. They were compatible and good-natured so they learned to overlook each other's glaring faults. They learned to accept, but not necessarily acknowledge, that they each had private lives. They made love, swore, and fought with one another, made up, and had two children. Occasionally when they thought of divorce, they discovered that they loved each other. At thirty-four Margery was attractive, intelligent, and still restless.

...87...Paul had a column in various newspapers. He was an economic consultant for several large corporations, taught at the University twice a week, and occasionally served on government committees. Last year he served as a special-problems consultant for the National Economic Commission. He co-ordinated the various research projects and was personally responsible for the direction and slant of the studies. This had meant several extended trips to Chicago and Washington. He kept an apartment-office where he worked and he had three children he was very proud of. He kept their pictures under the bookcase in the living room. They rarely discussed his wife.

...23. She listened to the phone ring three times. Maybe he is in the bathroom. She was sure he was home.

He picked up the phone on the fourth ring.

"Hello."
"Hello, Margery! This is a pleasant surprise." He seemed genuinely glad to hear her voice. "I wanted to call you last night but I couldn't get through."

"I know."
"Where are you now?"

"I'm calling from a drugstore. There's this guy in here who just bought fifteen magazines. He's right in front of me. I wish you could see the expression on the

druggist's face. He's such a mealy mouthed bastard."

"He's the druggist you don't like..."

"Yes, you're right on to me today."

"Well," he laughed, "you know that's not too difficult. Not when you say..."

"I know."
"Look, what are you doing today?"

"That's why I called."
"Great. Catch a cab and come over. I have this piece I'm finishing. By the time you get here, I'll be through. Okay?"

"Sure. Be there in about fifteen minutes."

"Oh, Marg?"
"Yes?"

"Can you pick me up a package of Craven A regular? And some matches. I'm all out."

"Sure. Want anything else?"
"No. Yes. Just you."

"Terrific. You're in a good mood today. Okay."

She smiled and put the receiver back on the hook. They liked each other which made it nicer. She picked up her bag and her gloves and walked to the counter.

There was an older man standing in front of her. He was well-dressed but there was that certain look about his face that daughters and grandchildren know. The look that says he forgets things all the time. His daughters-in-law have to call him

three times a week to remind him of the time and the day and other important things like that.

"Can I help you, Sir?" asked the druggist. The mealy mouthed druggist likes old people because they have the most numerous and expensive prescriptions.

"Don't sleep well at night. A prescription for sleeping pills my doctor's given me." He stretched one lifeless veined hand across the counter to the druggist who turned his back, unlocked a cabinet, and returned to the counter with a harmless bottle of blue pills.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Thurmond. One before you go to bed and you won't have any trouble at all." Mealy mouthed bastard.

She looked at her watch. 12:45. Plenty of time.

"Can I help you, Madame?"
"Craven A regular. Two books of matches."

"How much is that, please?" She didn't smoke. That is she didn't buy cigarettes, so she never remembered the price when she bought cigarettes for him. Sometimes she just handed the man a dollar bill and waited for the change but today she was feeling good. She wanted to make the druggist tell her.

"Fifty-seven cents and two cents for the matches."

She handed him exactly fifty-nine cents.

How cheap can people be?

Outside the air felt good. She enjoyed standing on the corner waiting for the cab to come by that she would flag down. She could have called a cab from the drugstore but she preferred to wait for one herself. It made the whole thing all that more enjoyable. Then there would be the fifteen minute cab drive and the two flights of stairs... Maybe if she had met Paul ten years ago... No, that would have ruined the pleasure, the slightly sinful pleasure, of these afternoons. A cab pulled over and she opened the back door and got in. Her mother was sitting next to her. She was wearing the usual brown tweed suit. The one she wore to all the family functions, the civic meetings, and her daughter's graduation.

"What are you doing here?" Margery asked her mother.

"I was visiting your Aunt Martha. You know, she's just gotten out of the hospital. We had a pleasant chat and I was on my way home. Now that your afternoons are free, you really should visit her. She's going to be bed-ridden for at least two months and I'm sure she'd be glad to see anybody who comes, especially you. You're her niece."

"She's not my aunt. She's your sister."

"Oh, come on, Margery dear, let's not start that again. Martha

and I are sisters. Uncle George is our brother. We all had the same parents. You're my baby. My sister Martha is your... It's 1:00 o'clock. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"It's the dolce vita."

"What?"

"What did you say, lady? What was that number again?"

She repeated the address for the driver. In the back seat she arranged her purse and her coat. She could feel the package of cigarettes through the cloth material of her pocketbook. She liked to look out the window and watch the familiar road. She liked it even better when the sun shone in the driver's eyes and he had to hold his hand up to his eyes to shield himself from the sun. Today she was grateful that the driver was silent and she didn't have to make conversation.

"This is it, lady."

She paid him and got out. He was surprised at the tip she gave him but she was paying him for keeping quiet.

There were four steps to the apartment building. When her hand rested on the door, it swung open. A man came out of the building and nearly brushed her aside. He looked into her face searchingly for the second before he passed her. He was looking in her face for the something that would correlate with the thing he imagined in his mind. He thinks I am... She opened the door. It was very cold outside so when she came into the warmth of the building she took off her gloves. The heat slowly spread to her hands. She could feel the blood running through her fingers. Everyone was busy except the good-looking one who usually worked behind the desk and smoked like a fag. She had told Edna, her girlfriend, that he was a homosexual. Edna believed her. She carried her book bag under her arm. Tonight she should at least read the introduction to *Crime and Punishment*... She stood before the desk with the parlor pink cheeks of the school girl come in from the cold...

"Yes..."

"Do you have this book?" She held up a piece of paper in the palm of her hand. The salesman

leaned over and tilted his head to read the title from her hand. She watched his eyes read the letters. *Passion and Society*, Denis de... Her fingers were blood-red beneath the paper.

"No. No, I am sorry. It's not in stock right now." His eyes smiled directly into her own. His eyebrows apologized.

"Excuse me, I'm sorry." Civilly she nodded at him. He tried to open the door for her but she had already done that and gone inside. The apartment house was very quiet from the bottom floor. She walked up the two flights of stairs and rang the bell. She heard him come to the door and she reached into her pocketbook for the cigarettes. He opened the door. Trick or Treat.

"Hi. Come on in."

She handed him the cigarettes. He took her coat.

She walked into the living room and sat down. There was a new picture of his daughter on the bookcase.

He called from the hall. "Want something to drink?"

"What have you got today?"

"Well, actually I'm kind of low on refreshments." He apologized. I've been tied up nearly all week on this article."

Why is everybody sorry for something? "How's it coming now?"

"It wasn't but I'm in control of it today. That's why I can take some time off. I know it's going to be all right. Scotch or sherry? Let's have Scotch."

"I can't hear you."

"I said, 'Let's have Scotch.'"

"Sure, lots of ice. You know, I met the strangest man coming into the apartment house. He just sort of looked at me. You know, like he knew me or something. Or like I should have known him."

"Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you know him?"

"No. Yes. I mean it seemed that I knew who he was because..."

"You're sure, now?"

"Oh, you're making fun of me!"

They both laughed. He came into the living room with two glasses. He put hers down on a little table by the side of the chair where she sat. He sat down opposite her on the couch.

"Jesus, I've been so busy these last two weeks, Marg. Like I barely found time to call you. My wife's been sick, too."

"She better?"

"Yeah, but it's really screwed things up at home. You know, picking kids up and bringing them hither and yon and..."

"I know. Believe me, I know."

He stopped short. "Yes, I guess you do. Sometimes I forget." He looked at her appreciatively. "Did you see the new picture of Linda over there. We had this photographer friend..."

The phone rang.

He looked at her apologetically. "Excuse me, I'll just be a minute."

She made a gesture with her hand that said, "Go ahead, I don't mind." He knew that gesture but apologized to her all the same. It was one of the things about Paul that redeemed him to her every time. She had long ago learned to ignore the occasional telephone interruption. They would continue and he must occasionally answer them. She would be the only loser. Besides she was a bitch in other ways.

He got up hurriedly and half-purposely, half-accidentally closed his office door behind him. It may be his wife. She got up and walked over to the bookcase. She very wisely made it her business not to purposely overhear any of his conversations. Of course, if I hear by accident... She walked to the window and looked out for a little while. It was the early afternoon. Soon she would be able to see the sun turn orange and dissolve into the back porches and the clotheslines and the trees. She heard the door open and turned around.

He was sitting on the couch again. He was quiet. Something's wrong. "Was that a bad phone call?" I mean... I don't... Finally she confronted him. "You look disturbed."

"That was a friend of mine." He looked into her face openly and honestly. "A very close woman friend." She called to tell me that a friend of hers killed herself today." Oh my God. No. I don't believe this is happening. No. She came and sat down in the chair opposite him again. Neither one of them had touched the Scotch yet.

Paul began to explain. He was trying to be orderly and matter-of-fact. "You see, she, the girl who killed herself, had been suicidal for a long time. My friend was her closest contact..."

"She had no family?"

"Her family," he waved his hand away, "her family didn't want any part of her. They just sort of cut themselves off. She used to threaten suicide once or twice a year. Then my friend would take her in and somehow she'd pull her through."

"And this time she did it," Margery said harshly, almost angrily.

"Yes, she did it." He was quiet for several seconds. She watched his face. He wasn't bitter, just resigned. She wanted to say something to him but she didn't know what to say. You never do.

He looked up at her. "You know, she was crying on the phone. Maybe I should go over there. Would you, do you mind if I..."

"Call her back."

He went in the other room. This time the door shut nearly by itself. The door should shut in a little privacy for whoever she was.

She got up and walked to the fireplace across the room. She ran her finger across the mantle ledge. It was smooth to the touch. Smooth and shiny.

"Your hands are so smooth. Why are you taking them away?"

"I don't know. I don't know anymore. I don't know what the right thing to do is."

"Love me. Love me. That's the right thing to do."

"But I... But..."

But what? What's this thing?

She picked up an earthen jar. It looked like the original reproduction of the original Egyptian oil lamp. The kind you send away for in art magazines and in *The Natural History*. Where do you get this junk?

She looked around the room.

He smoked American cigarettes.

She lit a cigarette from the Craven A pack on the table.

His hair was very soft that day. I know. They let me touch him.

The door opened. Paul came out. He also lit a cigarette from the pack on the table. His words filtered through the room with the cigarette smoke. "It seems that this girl who killed herself..."

"How old was she?"

"Our age. Oh, I'd say about thirty-six, maybe thirty-eight. It seems she had two friends. The woman I know here and another person in New York..."

"This other person. He was a man?"

"Yes. He..."

"Look, I'm sorry. I won't ask you any more questions."

Paul nodded his head. "He saw this girl a week ago in New York. Somehow he found out that she'd bought some sleeping pills. He phoned my friend here and told her. My friend phoned the hospital and told the girl's doctor. Jesus, the doctor." She looked at him sharply. "The doctor shouldn't be practicing." He took a drag on the cigarette. It made a little sucking noise in his mouth. "Evidently the girl came in and he said 'Oh, I heard you've stocked up on sleeping pills.' Then she went out and killed herself."

Margery watched him exhale. The smoke momentarily formed a screen between them, then disappeared.

"Yes, but it's so hard to know what the right thing to do is. You

know, it's a..." She waved her hand helplessly at the smoke.

"I know, but you see, this way my friend feels terrible. You see, she's the one who finked on her. She's the one who told this girl that she was deserted. It's on her." Savagely he took another drag on his cigarette. The smoke dissipated the anger and the rage and the impotence.

He was much softer now. "But you know," he looked her full in the face, "you can't take any responsibility for it."

"Oh yes. Oh yes you can. You take all the responsibility and at the same time don't take any."

"What do you mean? That's arrogance. Sheer arrogance to think that you could have that much influence over a person's life. That refuses to take into account all the other life situations experienced by that person before they ever met you. It denies all the factors of mother and family and childhood and adolescence and all the rest of the things that can go wrong at any stage of the game. You're just a coincidence. A catalyst. Why it could have been the death of a parent or a ... or a separation or a ... it could have been any one of a number of things."

"But it wasn't. And you're implicated." She destroyed his request for affirmation. "Mind you, I didn't say responsible. Not totally responsible. But implicated."

"Why? Why are you implicated?" He was interrogating her.

"Because you breathe."

"Oh that's ridiculous." He crushed out his cigarette. "If that's the case you'd better stop living. You won't be able to talk to anyone. Margery, you'd be afraid to talk to people on the street. Look, Say you're on the street and you call somebody over. 'Hey, Joe, come over.' And he crosses the street. You talk and then he goes back across the street and a car comes and runs him over. Who's responsible? Are you responsible because you called him over to talk to for a few minutes? Who killed him? Did you kill him?"

"No." She raised her voice. "No. But you mean we're supposed to stand by and watch them die? Help them?" She was still angry. "Wait a minute. It would be easier then just to delay, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it be easier to let them die quietly in the bathroom, Paul? Nobody would ever doubt that we didn't do our best. That we didn't make all the calls and..."

"Then it would be a twenty-four hour job. Your life or theirs."

"But if you don't, no one will. Your friend knew that. If they die, it indicts somebody or something."

Suddenly he was aware that she was accusing him. He deflected her anger. He would refuse to be taken in. "Well, that's



EDITOR — charlie gurd

ASSOCIATE EDITORS — brian segal, deborah zack, dave chenoweth, emy geggie

STAFF — jack kapica, graham lorimer, richard may, carla petapiece, patsy stewart, mary swaine, rick heybroek, linda feldman, alan gallett, melvin weigel, ahmed yar kahn.

COVER — "prostitute standing in the doorway of a bed with a wingless butterfly"

The Supplement is always seeking creative writing, graphics and ideas — mail literature, or come to see us. We are located in the basement of the Student Union, 3480 McTavish, Room B41, tel. 392-8921. The Supplement is published every other Friday by the McGill Daily.

THE SUPPLEMENT IS PUBLISHING A BOOK OF POETRY, PROSE, GRAPHICS AND PHOTOGRAPHY WITH McCLELLAND AND STEWART. SUBMIT WORK FOR PUBLICATION BY APRIL 1st.

a reflection of this society at large. Right now it's... There's no help now." But he was floundering. "The doctors they aren't gods. Some of them aren't bright people. They're just like everybody else. They get tired and they let people die."

She felt the anger go out of her. It was the recognition of her own impotence. After all she wasn't angry at Paul.

"You know, Paul, it indicts all of us, doesn't it?"

They didn't have any more words for one another. Paul got up for another cigarette. Margery looked down at her hands in her lap. She touched the tiny interlocking threads in the fabric of her dress. The blood was running through her fingers.

"Paul, Paul, can I have another cigarette, too?" she asked.

"Oh sure." He lit it for her. She inhaled deeply.

"When I was a little girl I had a dog. We lived near a main thoroughfare then. Sometimes when I'd cross the street the dog would get away from me and then I'd be afraid to call his name. I would start back by myself and hope that he would sense that I was leaving him. I was betting that he would start back across the street by himself. It was a horrible feeling. Do you know? That empty feeling when you'd turn your back and never know for sure what he was going to do. I was afraid that if I called him

he might stop in the middle and get killed. I was afraid that if I didn't call him, he'd kill himself. I didn't know what the right thing to do was. It was just a matter of luck. Nothing happened to him but you're not immune forever."

She looked out the window. You could see the last light of the sun. It was orange. From that window he had a better view of the city than anybody else she knew. She always thought she would forget.

Paul looked up at her. "Margery, you know, Margery..."

"I know." He had been listening to her carefully. His eyes had followed all the expression on her face.

Now they were both silent. He looked down at the carpet. "Jesus, the rug is dirty. I'm having the cleaning lady come in the end of the week."

She turned to face him.

"Remember that girl I told you about. The one who went mad?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never told you all about it but she was the girl I was going to marry when I was twenty-four. She went mad. I mean she was completely mad. There was no good reason for it either. Oh, the doctor, this anti-Semitic son of a bitch, tried to tell me that she went mad because of my sexual perversion."

"Oh, that's a fine thing to tell..."

"And I know there wasn't sexual perversion in that relationship." He laughed bitterly. "Far from it. You know, it's such a hazy thing. You really don't know what you've said or done. You really don't know what the right thing to do is."

Love me. Love me. That's the right thing to do.

"I know, Paul. I know."

There was something in her voice that made him look at her quizzically. What did she know?

"Paul, this is really weird. Don't you think it's weird how this afternoon's turned out? I was just twenty-one and it seems like such a long time ago. But it isn't. It's just like yesterday. Especially when you know that twenty-five years is such a short time. In twenty-five years we'll be dead, maybe. Decrepit, anyway."

She laughed and looked directly into his eyes. "I knew this boy then who killed himself."

"WHAT?"

"It was this boy... It was this boy I'd been really close to." She spoke so naturally, so matter-of-factly.

"Why'd he do it?"

"I know this sounds ridiculous now but I think he did it for love."

He was quiet for a minute. When he spoke his voice was very soft. "No, it's not ridiculous. It's only ridiculous when you're twenty-one."

I wanted to fuck him. I wanted to fuck him. Then he wouldn't die.

"Paul, Paul, what did she say on the phone?"

"She doesn't want me to come."

I'm glad.

"Paul..."

"Yes?"

"Let's. Let's go to the bedroom."

I want to fuck you.

"Sure." He looked at her and smiled for the first time all afternoon. "Let's take our drinks, too."

Obediently she reached for her glass. "Okay."

The room was nearly dark now because the afternoon was slipping away. When they got up to get dressed they would have to put on the light. Margery's dress hung across the back of a chair. The folds and creases of her body were woven into the fabric. Paul's shirt lay crumpled on the floor. One arm was slung aside.

Paul's arm stretched towards the bureau beside the bed. It gathered up the pack of cigarettes

and a book of matches. Clumsily, it groped for the ashtray. He lifted it carefully, so as not to spill any of the ashes on the sheets. There were no noises except for the dark, and their breathing, and the sound of Paul lighting the cigarette.

He smoked in silence for several minutes. There was the rustling noise that Margery's foot made when it moved across the sheet.

"Would you like a puff?" he asked her.

He turned to her and watched her face. Innocently she shook her head back and forth. He watched her hair move with the motion of her head. "No?"

"Oh, no," she said, "it's too near the end."

"Too near the end!" He was incredulous. "It's too near the end for YOU and you tell ME that! Me, a three-pack-a-day-man!" He exploded into laughter. Beside him Margery's body shook.

Paul turned his face away and half-coughed, half-laughed. Margery raised herself on one elbow to catch her breath. She was still laughing seconds later when she collapsed on Paul's body. Playfully she ran her hands across his chest. She could feel his heart beating through her fingers.



NOTICE OF OPEN MEETING OF THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY

There will be an Open Meeting of the Students' Society on Monday, March 1st, 1971 in the Ball Room of the University Centre at 1 p.m.

The purpose of the meeting is to consider the following amendments to the Students' Society Constitution:

ARTICLE VI—FEES

- 1) All fees paid by members of the Students' Society shall be based on the value of the 1965 dollar adjusted annually to the cost of living index, as determined by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics each January 1st.
- 2) Members of the Students' Society enrolled in schools or faculties the majority of whose students are candidates for their first university degree or diploma shall be required to pay an annual fee of \$24.00 to the Students' Society, except members of the School of Graduate Nurses proceeding to a degree of B.N., who shall pay an annual fee of \$14.50.
- 3) All other members of the Students' Society shall be required to pay an annual fee of \$14.50 to the Students' Society, except partial students taking less than three courses, who shall be required to pay an annual fee of \$10.00.
- 4) The above sums shall be collected by the McGill University Cashier with the regular tuition fees.
- 5) The Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Society shall receive these fees from McGill University and deposit them with a chartered bank or with the University.
- 6) Members of School and Faculty Societies listed under Article V above shall pay an annual fee to their respective Society, as determined by that Society, to be collected by the University Cashier with the regular tuition fees and transferred to the School or Faculty Society concerned.

ARTICLE XI—FINANCES

- 1) The finance Committee shall be responsible for presentation to Council at its first regular meeting each year a statement of Financial Policy, as well as an overall Operating Budget for that year. No individual budgets will be considered by Council until the Operating Budget has been approved. In addition to the above the Finance Committee is responsible for the maintenance and updating of the Finance Regulations.
- 2) Students' Society committees and organizations requesting Students' Society money shall be required to submit a budget to the Finance Director. No such committee or organization shall receive funds unless its itemized budget has been approved by Students' Council.
- 3) All cheques drawn against the Students' Society account shall be signed by the Secretary-Treasurer and co-signed by the Comptroller or his alternate. The Secretary-Treasurer shall first satisfy himself that the expenditure has been authorized in the budget approved by Students' Council.
- 4) An annual financial statement for the past fiscal year of the Students' Society (June 1st to May 31st) shall be published in the McGill Daily before the 15th of November.
- 5) The accounts of the Students' Society shall be audited annually by accountants chosen by Students' Council and approved by McGill University.

The matter of whether or not the Students' Society should become incorporated will also be discussed for a referendum.

ATTENTION! ALL MCGILL STUDENTS!

- Fed up with the appearance of the Students' Centre?
- Want to do something about it?

Your Students' Society is sponsoring a design competition for visual improvement of the Cafeteria and Coffee Shop.

PRIZE: \$30 (in an austerity year yet!)

INFORMATION: Student Council Office
9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

DEADLINE: March 15th., 1971, 5.00 p.m.

**STUDENT CENTRE PLANNING COMMITTEE
INTERNAL AFFAIRS**

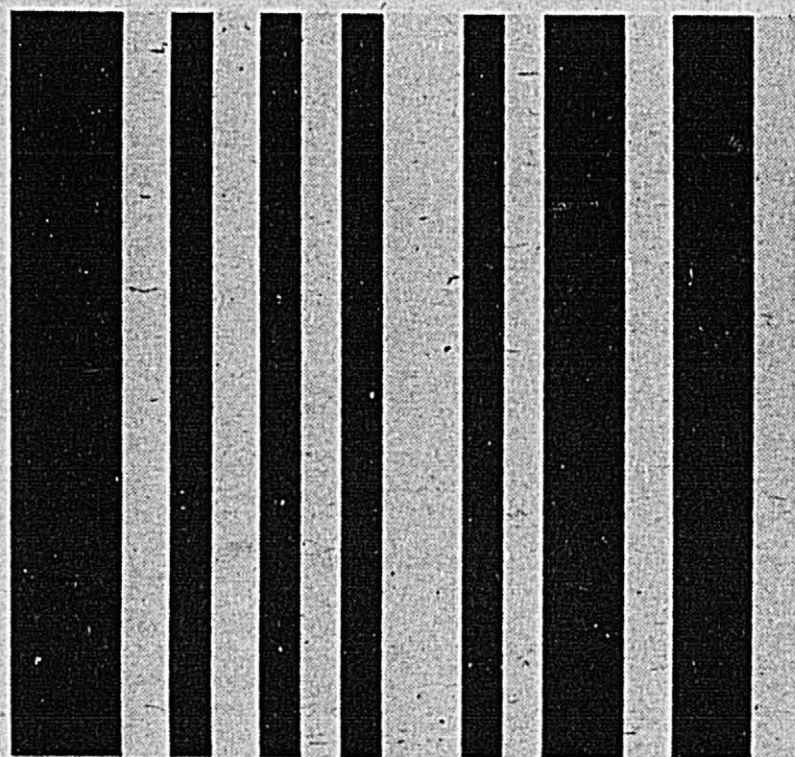
CONTACT: K. O'CONNELL, INT. V.P.

GUIDO MOLINARI

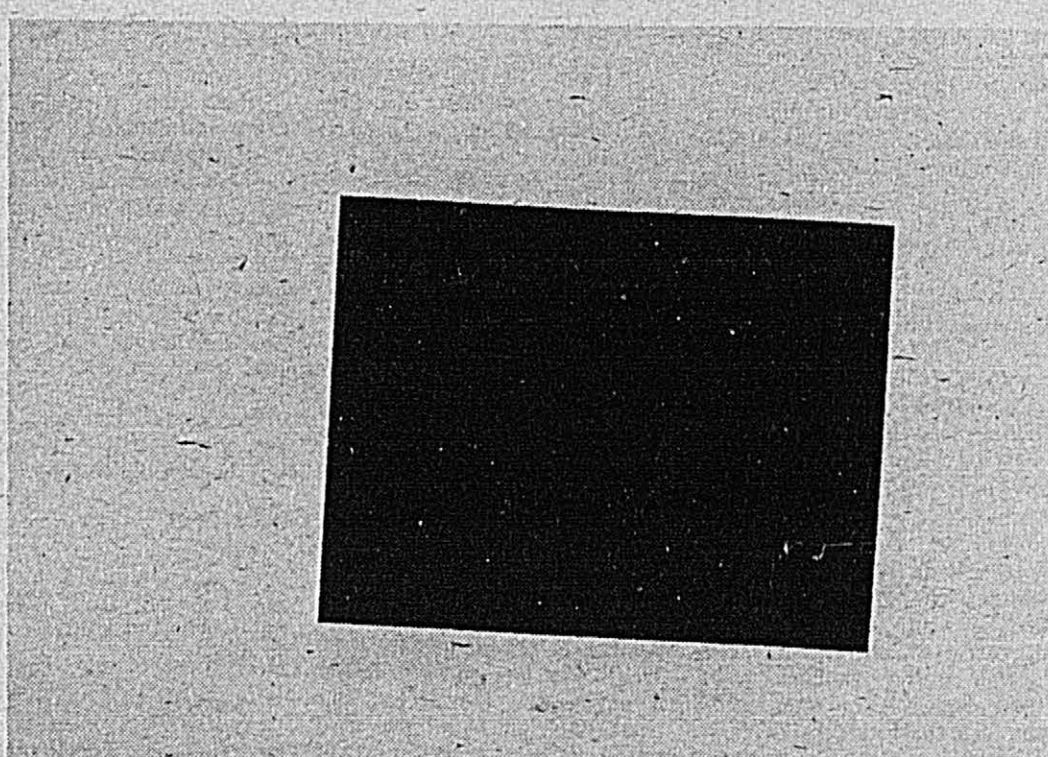
INTERVIEWED BY JOHN BANDIERA



"VOYELLE" AND MOLINARI 1969



PARALLELES NOIRES 1963



RECTANGLE 1956

Guido Molinari is one of the major artists in Canada today. He is best known for his vertically striped paintings, most of which exist as reductions to very basic geometricities and verticalities. His works are closely related to those of Mondrian, Barnett Newman, and Josef Albers. They deal, to a large extent, with art on a theoretical basis, although Molinari tries for a certain emotional expression as well.

Molinari has exhibited at Expo '67, the National Gallery in Ottawa, and at many important shows throughout the world. He is at present an instructor at Sir George Williams University.

J.B.: Would you relate your work in anyway to be conceptual trends in Modern Art? Because I personally think that it is more formalistic rather than conceptual.

G.M.: Well, in a way they really overlap because what I understand by formalistic in a sense is that we have to look at what is produced, at the art object as having what I call a linguistic structure. In a word all the parts are what

makes the whole. It is only when you relate to all these constituents that finally you have something which is equivalent. What I mean by that is any production in a certain way is formalistic in a word it is structured it has to be. As soon as you want to communicate something you need to use elements or symbols that have connotations for others.

J.B.: Your concern would probably be with formalistic problems of colour values and things like that wouldn't it?

G.M.: Well you see by this again ... everything is in relation to some pole, some more advanced or more absolute concept. I don't feel myself that my main preoccupation is really with colour. In my work, there are many phases but there is a kind of process where I go from a simple to a more complex structure. In a more complex structure I am dealing specifically with the viewer, how the viewer will manipulate the event.

J.B.: Rather than the painting manipulating the viewer?

G.M.: Of course, what I mean by that is that the painting is not a static image. So when I do a painting I involve the viewer because he will be the manipulator of the events there. So I want to programme the painting so that while the

painting unfolds, as you are grasping its structure, you are doing it through a personal pattern. Like your own projection of the paintings... you are really sort of extremely subjective.

J.B.: You attempt to get a certain emotionalism then?

G.M.: Well, the emotionalism, I feel again, is not something you can avoid. I don't believe that there is purely cerebral painting, or purely emotional painting. Painting for me, or any art, is essentially a linguistic process I mean by that, that we must manipulate the elements which have connotations in other situations into the structure of art.

J.B.: How does that lead to your vertical art form?

G.M.: Well, this is something else again. Through the progressive elimination of the linguistic levels of diction, I came to develop a purely vertical element. The reason for this elimination process is not purely with magic or with an image, but was to create stronger relations of the stripes, so that you can relate to them without referring to the enclosure. This is to get away from the problem of a shape being enclosed by other shapes around it.

J.B.: So you wouldn't want your paintings to be viewed in terms of objects?

G.M.: Well, you see, the intention is not that, but it is

purely a problem of analogy in the sense that it depends on all the people who will approach it. You cannot prevent people from experiencing the work in the way they want. In the same way I feel that in science you do approach objects in a structural process.... you take it apart, you link it with a preconceived link to the whole atomic structure.... it's part of the whole.... you do not think of it as an imposition.

J.B.: Your paintings do manipulate the viewer in some ways though.

G.M.: Well, they don't necessarily manipulate the viewers, they aggress the viewers.... they affirm themselves. I think we could call that a kind of visual pollution.

J.B.: Or an assault.

G.M.: Yes, but you know you can also view it as pollution if you don't like it!

G.M.: And then again you are going back to subjective reaction, towards the milieu and environment. Now, as I was saying before, what I wanted to explore was a more rhythmic process and I felt then that the enclosed space.... is kind of limiting, interrupted the process. Whereas recently, last year, I went back to some kind of checkerboard design. In these I explore vertical and horizontal rhythms which are

essentially different from a vertical rhythm. I think that to the public, the checkerboard is more complex but is probably less efficient in the sense of pure rhythmical feeling.

J.B.: In the sense of your colour values, I get the feeling, that certain bars create an immense, open space and that the other bars are obstructions to that. It seems to me that when I saw the pictures of your vertical sculptural works, the transition from your painting to sculpture was an obvious one.

G.M.: Yes. Well, in those paintings I have pushed this feeling of a vertical movement to where it became a vertical of a very large plane and it could go no further. This reflected on my sculpture, and, before that when I was involved in plexiglass or metal sculpture, I came to the conclusion that that sort of sculpture is much too object like, and that it is just involved with catching the light, and creating a static element which is revealed by the play of light on it.

J.B.: Your paintings tend to vibrate on their own.

G.M.: Well, yes, the inner vibrations, but what I was thinking about is that with sculpture it is an object created by the way light plays on it. Naturally it is the light which determines the structure.

J.B.: Even though your paintings tend to be in some sense, reductions to a very pure formal arrangement. You get the feeling that there is a certain warmth or humanity. Is that intentional?

G.M.: Yes; for example, I never manipulate colours in a systematic way. I always like to confront a painting as a single work, I mean, I only involve myself with one painting at a time... I don't like to follow a programme or anything like that. It also takes a great emotional involvement in the choice of the colours, and for me this choice of colours is extremely important.

J.B.: You're hinting at a certain spontaneity, which doesn't seem to exist in works which are so structurally austere.

G.M.: Yes, but that is why I look at my work in two aspects. One would be the synthetic approach to it, I mean, essentially, colour, and that is where it is essentially irrational and non-centric. The other approach is this extension in rhythm, or in time, this, you could say is a more formal approach. In this aspect I do try to elaborate some rather complex ways of looking at the painting. But this is a way, again, of getting a possibility for the viewer to get into the painting, to explore the

painting. Also to temperate, to take this basic series, which is essentially emotional on my part, and by putting it in different context in the actual painting to which it is transformed, to which it is an extension, to give more possibilities for the viewer to interact and to see that this series is not something finished or essential and is as magnetic as Expressionist painting.

J.B.: You have dealt with colour, but what about in terms of spatial characteristics? Do you feel that your paintings have different planar qualities from bar to bar? Or are they all in the same general flat plane?

G.M.: A painting, for me, is not really two dimensional, but multi-dimensional I have never believed that painting was flat.

J.B.: No, what I meant was that in your paintings certain of the vertical bars tend to impose on open spaces created by others.

G.M.: Well, this is like an overlapping of different possibilities. For example I will have a certain use and event, or a stripe, or a square on one plane, but that is part of a certain structure of your moment of seeing. This element will have different functions, it will function on a different plane at the next moment when you will make it part of a different

event of seeing! You are permitted to reconstruct the colour events as well. For me, this is a kind of temporal extension which is the real act of painting.

J.B.: An extension through time?

G.M.: Yes, and as I said, for me, basically and emotionally just to formulate a certain colour sequence will be enough for me. The real act of painting is this involvement with time. To relate to somebody and really involve yourself so that the person feels that you are really establishing a relationship.

J.B.: So your paintings are a series of separate moments.

G.M.: Yes, but then again it's a conversation with the viewer. It depends on where you want to unfold yourself and to put this basic emotional content into context.

J.B.: So each stripe would tend to have its own separate personality?

G.M.: Well, it's part of a synthetic projection of a mood or a state of being. In this aspect my work has remained to some degree Expressionist. I think that a lot of painters that are considered purely formalists, Mondrian for example, are in fact expressionist. The emotion is so ever-changing and unpredictable, so I see it as expressionist.

J.B.: It's possible to go through changes in formalism

though?

G.M.: Yes, but the changes in myself are unpredictable and don't seem to follow a very logical process.

J.B.: Back to your painting. these stripes are captivating in one sense, and repellent in another, wouldn't you say, visually?

G.M.: Yes, but as I said before, I think of it as pollution in that you have to go deeply into choice of colour. You have to use a much more profound dynamic of colour. I have seen that this is the most difficult aspect with students and the way in which they confront colour. Colour has abstractions, colour has a film quality. An object has colour as a purely emotional concept has something of the dream to it.

You have to rediscover the intents of colour. In a way you have to create, in your art, a kind of colour shock. I think this is where you will find a great difference in paintings that a lot of painters are not really using colours they are using, rather, values... tones. But, what is worse, is that their colours are usually filled into the pattern at a certain moment of stabilization.

J.B.: That would be a totally different evocation.

G.M.: You have to find the colour that is adequate to what you want to do with it.

J.B.: So, your use of colour is not as an assault but more or less to illustrate the dynamic emotional effect of colour.

G.M.: Yes.

J.B.: But that also applies to the oppositions of colours rather than the colours themselves.

G.M.: The apposition is the most potent, the most dynamic aspect of colour in a series. This is, essentially, what you are dealing with, the way they are posing the contradiction. This is where you come across a lot of what you feel and what you are at a given moment.

J.B.: So you attempted to form a compromise between pure formalism and a more highly charged emotional approach? you attempted to inject emotionalism into formalism.

G.M.: Well, there is no real getting away from formalism. The object which is being reproduced in a painting, a sculpture, whatever, has a structure and at the core a certain linguistic association with illusion.



UNWANTED PREGNANCY

We will act on your behalf to arrange a low cost, legal abortion in New York State.

IMMEDIATE • CONFIDENTIAL

ABORTION

ADVISORY SERVICES

SPS CONSULTANTS, INC.
565 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 10017

Area Code 212 • 490-2190
9 A.M. to 9 P.M.
7 DAYS A WEEK

"ALL CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED"

GUARANTEED
REPAIRS & SERVICE

by

Certified Mechanics

on **ALL**
EUROPEAN
AMERICAN
AND
SPORTS
CARS

NORAD
AUTO CO.

5710 UPPER LACHINE RD.
(corner Harvard N.D.G.)
489-9721

Students: Present this ad to the cashier for a 10% discount. Great!

GrEATings
FROM

Bens

"Another **BEN**tastic SPECIAL"

- 1) Benburger on Bun - with Bar-B-Q
Sauce served with cole slaw and french fried potatoes
- 2) Jello dessert
- 3) One Ben's Special Drink

\$1.00

VALID ALL WEEK

ON PRESENTATION OF THIS COUPON
PRIOR TO ORDERING

990 BOUL. DE MAISONNEUVE W.



CLASSIC

The Largest Paperback Bookshop in The World At
1327 St. Catherine St. West

HONDA '71



ON DISPLAY NOW!
C'MON DOWN AND LOOK'EM
OVER!

INCLUDING

- ★ 70 c.c. Mini Trail
- ★ SL 175-Moto Cross
- ★ SL 350 Moto Cross
- ★ CB 750 4 cylinder

HONDA
CITY LTD

1624 ST. CATHERINE ST. W. Near Guy 932-1173

SEE EUROPE



EUROPE BY CAR IS BEST BY FAR

"Touring Club de France"

RENT - LEASE OR BUY
FREE OF TAXES
FOR DELIVERY IN EUROPE

Wide choice of
RENAULT - VW - CITROEN
FIAT - SIMCA - PEUGEOT - ETC.

unlimited mileage international insurance

international drivers license itinerary - Air Plane Tickets

SERVICE EUROPEEN DE TOURISME AUTOMOBILE

1176 DRUMMOND ST., MTL. 861-0200 861-3905



GIMME SHELTER

reviewed by Ron Blumer

GIMME SHELTER — A film by Albert and David Maysles and Charlotte Zworin. Colour, Stereo sound playing at the Seville Theatre.

Gimme Shelter is a bummer. Largely documenting the tragedy of Altamont (the Rolling Stone's free concert near San Francisco) in which Meredith Hunter was stabbed to death by a Hell's Angel "guarding" the stage; the film demonstrates that only

bad can come from bad. Thus the real, flesh and blood bummer is now fixed, for all time, in its equivalent in celluloid.

This film is supposed to be a sound and colour record of the Rolling Stones' concert tour of the United States in 1969 but in fact, its whole structure points towards the Altamont sequence which makes up the last half of the film and this sequence in turn is structured by the killing which we see and resee through the magic of slow motion. Thus the film has the unity of a Greek tragedy — growing from its opening shots to its grizzly conclusion with musical interludes by the Stones and others — helping us on our way in this voyage from Woodstock to Altamont. And in the background is the inevitable chorus of lawyers, publicity men and agents discussing parking space and toilets. One ad-man on hearing about the fifty thousand young people already on the road or waiting in airports before the site of the concert had even been settled described them like "lemmings heading for the sea." The irony, the unity and the final tragedy, however, all adds up, not to art and insight, but to exploitation and ugliness. As someone yelled out to the director of Medium Cool as he was filming the tear gassing during the Chicago Riot, "Watch out Haskell, its real!"

Gimme Shelter was made by the team of Albert and David Maysles; pioneers and the best exponents of a school of film

making known as "cinéma vérité" or "cinéma direct." Using light, very mobile and flexible camera and sound equipment which they helped design, these film makers specialize in capturing dramatic, real life situations with as little disturbance of these events, due to their presence, as is technically possible. They require no tripods, no lights and no soundstage and yet are able to capture a colour image of sufficient quality to show on the large screen of a movie theatre. Since they do not overtly structure the events during the filming, their technique is to shoot enormous quantities of film and then to piece the film together during long days in the editing room thus giving the finished film significance and dramatic flow. Their most successful film Salesman documents the pathetic struggle of bible salesman trying to hit it rich in the southern United States. This real life tragedy is every bit as poignant as Arthur Miller's play on the same thing. The genius of the Maysles, and the thing which has made them superior to other film makers in this school, was their ability to capture on film what is going on and then to structure it in a powerful and coherent fashion. Ironically enough, it is this quality which has made this, their most recent film, so distasteful.

If this film were a straight document of the Stones in action — the concerts and behind the scenes insights characterized by such films as — Don't Look Back

and Monterey Pop, — then it could be judged as these movies are judged and its force would lie in the power of the music, competently translated into the filmic medium. But this is not the way in which these particular film makers play their cards. They are very greedy about the reality which they have captured and they are intent on driving every morsel of it home — with maximum impact. Thus the tight structure of the film; thus the heavy emphasis from the very beginning on Altamont; thus the scenes with Jagger looking at the film in the editing room: all this so that the film makers will have an excuse to play and replay in slow motion the one shot which makes their movie.

While filming in Africa, the Italian film maker Jacopetti (Mondo Cané) came upon a group of mercenary soldiers about to shoot a group of prisoners. He convinced the soldiers not only to let him film the execution, but to delay it several hours until the sunlight became strong enough for him to be able to film it with maximum clarity.

Watching people die is good boxoffice and people have been lining up to vicariously participate in this ultimate of titillations for the past two thousand years. Nowadays however, the lions to which our ancestors were thrown roar in celluloid but still continue to profit its owners and delight audiences around the world.



IMPORTANT

MCGILL DAILY STAFF *

IMPORTANT MEETING MONDAY, FEB.22.

TIME: 3:00 P.M.

PLACE: UNION 327

PLEASE NOTE:

APPLICATIONS FOR NEXT YEAR'S MANAGING BOARD MUST BE IN BY NOON TODAY.

*THE LIST OF DAILY STAFF IS POSTED IN THE OFFICE.

2nd WEEK



"Perhaps the most disturbing, powerful and insightful moments to be recorded on film of the young generation raised on rock."

NEWSWEEK

"It is as important to see GIMME SHELTER as it was to see WOODSTOCK."

- Cue Magazine

The Rolling Stones

GIMME SHELTER

COLOR and STEREO SOUND

Directed by David Maysles
Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwierni
A Maysles Films Inc. Production

SEVILLE

2155 ST. CATHERINE W. 932-1139

COMPLETE SHOW AT 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:40 P.M.
SAT. LATE SHOW AT 11:45 P.M.

"Rich, rewarding, enthralling!"

Judith Crist,
New York MagazineCOLUMBIA PICTURES presents
an IRVING ALLEN PRODUCTION

Cromwell

TECHNICOLOR
Children... 75c

4th WEEK!!

côte des neiges

Plaza Côte des Neiges 735-5527

CINEMA I
Feature 1:30,
4:05, 6:40, 9:20
Last Complete
Show 9:15 p.m.

FOR ALL

"BRILLIANT"
-Brendan Gill, The New Yorker
"HILARIOUS"
-Paul ThomasDavid Warner
Vanessa Redgrave

'MORGAN!'

Art CINEMA
469-0821
5025 SHEPPARD AVE. E.

18 YEARS

TRIPLE AWARD WINNER
-NEW YORK FILM CRITICS

9th WEEK

14 YEARS

JACK NICHOLSON

FIVE EASY PIECES

COLOR

KAREN BLACK
SUSAN ANSPACHSHOWTIMES
1:25 - 3:25 - 5:30
7:30 - 9:40ATWATER 1
ALEXIS NIHON PLAZAMETRO LEVEL
935-4246

COMING EVENTS

BACK DOOR
Tonight and tomorrow: Gary White.
LA NOUVELLE COMPAGNIE

THEATRALE; 1200 Bleury;
To Feb. 27: Spectacle "Comedia Dell'arte" - Marc Favreau

'LITTLE BIG MAN' IS

FOR ALL

"A RAMBUNCTIOUS TRIUMPH!
THE '70s FIRST GREAT EPIC!"

- Stefan Kanfer, Time Magazine

"DUSTIN HOFFMAN IS A MARVEL!
Alive at every moment and full of dazzling surprises!"

- Newsweek Magazine

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S 10 BEST!"

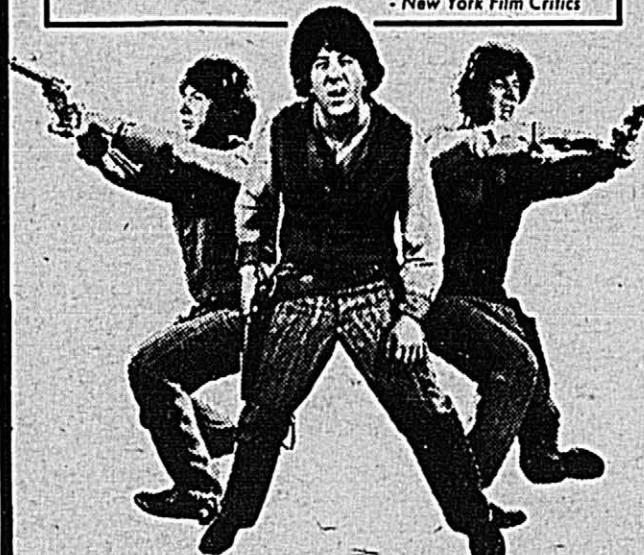
Vincent Canby, N.Y. Times / Stefan Kanfer, Time Magazine / Judith Crist, N.Y. Magazine

"A LARRUPIN' LALAPALOOZA!"

ONE OF THE YEAR'S 10 BEST!

Chief Dan George
"BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR"

- New York Film Critics

DUSTIN HOFFMAN
"LITTLE BIG MAN"

A Cinema Center Films Presentation

MARTIN BALSAM JEFF COREY CHIEF DAN GEORGE

Screenplay by Calder Willingham
Based on the Novel by Thomas Berger

FAYE DUNAWAY

AS MISS PENROSE
Produced by Stuart Miller - Directed by Arthur PennA National General Pictures Release
Panavision Technicolor

STARTS TODAY!

LOEW'S

954 ST. CATHERINE W. 866-5551

FEATURE 10:15
12:45, 3:25, 6:05,
8:30 P.M. LAST
COMPLETE SHOW
8:40 P.M.THEATRE DU RIDEAU VERT,
4664 St. Denis St.

To Feb. 28: La Celestine

- Fernando de Rojas

CENTAUR THEATRE,

453 St. Francois Xavier.

To March 8: Uncle Vanya -
Anton Chekhov

THEATRE DU NOUVEAU

MONDE, Theatre Port

Royal, PdA.

To March 13: "D.D.T." -

Paul Buissonneau

CENTAUR THEATRE

Feb. 21: Poetry reading -

Irving Layton

CAPITOL THEATRE:

Feb. 22: Van Morrison in

concert with Brandy Ayre.

THEATRE / DE QUAT'

SOUS, 100 Pine Ave. East,

To Feb. 28: Bou Bou - Ro-

bert Gauthier

McGILL FILM SOCIETY,

Leacock 132

Tonight at 6:30 & 9:30: The

Thomas Crown Affair;

U.S.A., 1968; Norman Je-

wison.

BOUTIQUE SOLEIL,

430 Bonsecours St.

To Feb. 28: International

Tapestry Exhibition.

To Feb. 25: The Works of

René Deroin, printmaker.

SAIDYE BRONFMAN CEN-

TRE AND SGWU

Last day: "45° 30'N 73°

36'W" - A Dual Exhibition

of Conceptual Art. SEE IT!

LOYOLA COLLEGE,

7141 Sherbrooke St. West.

Feb. 26-28: Staircase -

Charles Dyer.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS

UNIVERSITY, H-651, Hall

Building

Tonight at 9:00: Poetry

Reading - Kenneth Koch

STUDENT ART EXHIBITION,

Union, 124

Now: Students of Ecole des

Beaux Arts; Sir George

Fine Arts Dept.; and Mc-

Gill Education Dept.

RADIO MCGILL

Tonight from Midnight

until 6:00 - Streetnoise.

CFQR-FM, 92.5. This week

it's time for some more

"Old Radio"... this time,

Lux Radio Theatre. Don

Audet does some more

Blues... Jugband and Wash-

board. A look at "T Ses-

sions", a Pollution Sym-

posium, and the respon-

sibilities of coming of

age in society, and life's

thoughts from Alfred Her-

man...



EASY RIDER

with Peter Fonda
&
Dennis Hopper

Sat. Feb. 20
6; 8; 10:00 P.M.

Leacock Auditorium
McGill University

\$1.00

sponsored by MSEA

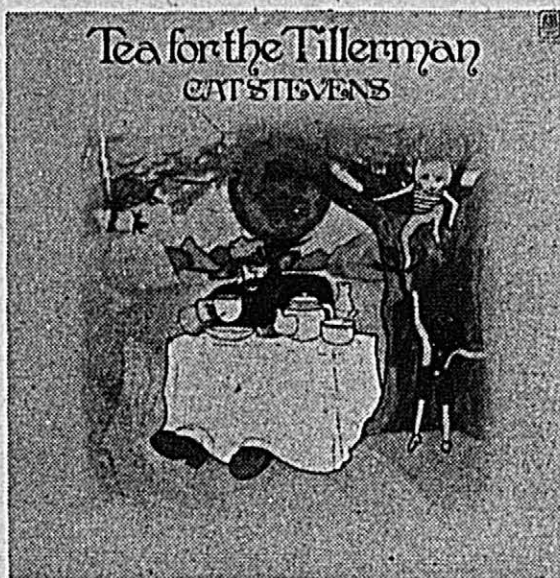
SHERMAN'S VIBRATIONS

BEST PRICE



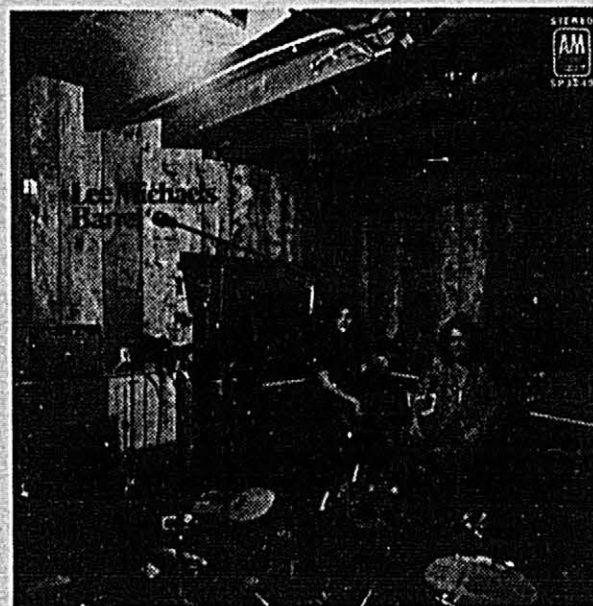
BEST SELLERS

FROM FEB. 19th
TO FEB. 27th '71.



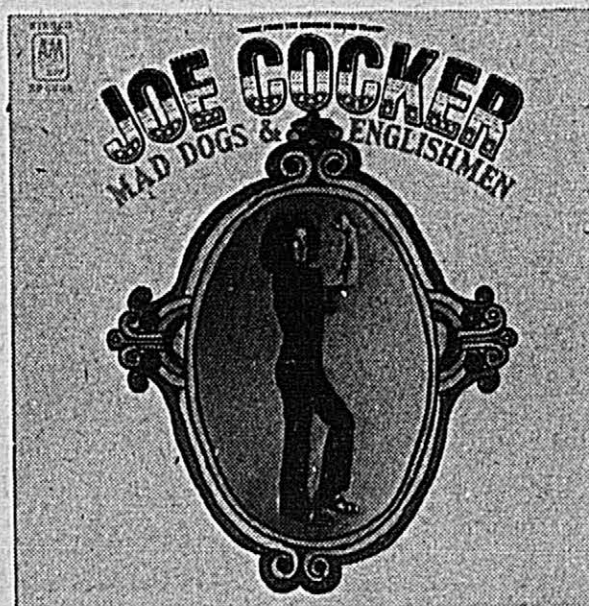
CAT STEVENS
Reg. ~~5.29~~

3.09



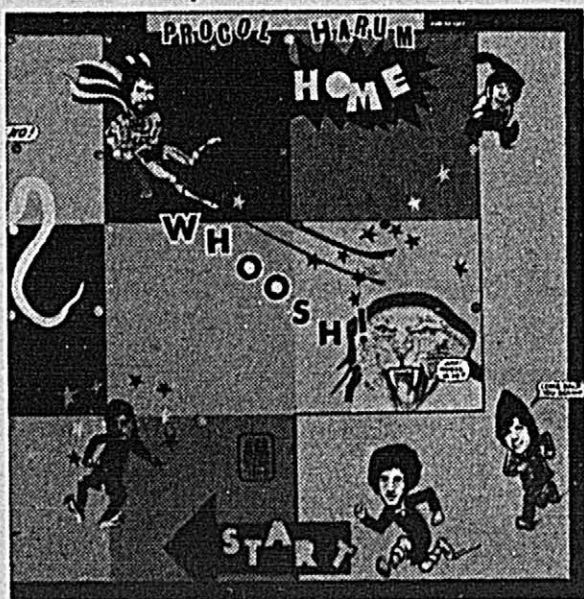
LEE MICHAEL - BARREL
Reg. ~~5.29~~

3.09



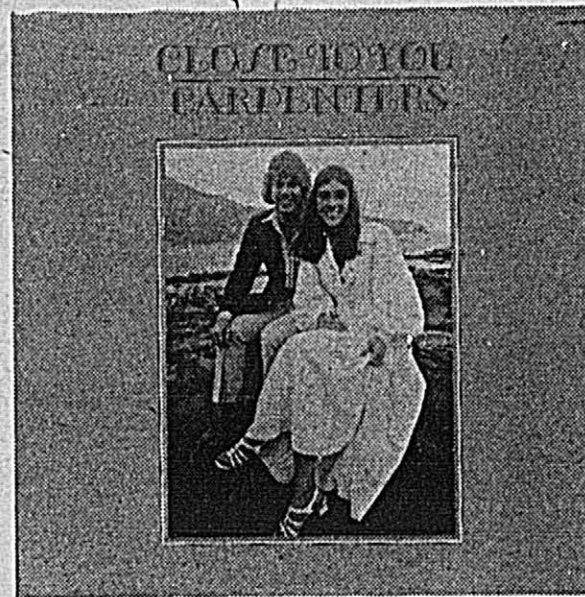
COCKER
Reg. ~~10.49~~

7.18



PROCOL HARUM
Reg. ~~5.29~~

3.09



CARPENTERS
Reg. ~~5.29~~

3.09

SHERMAN'S
1449 MANSFIELD
845-9218

VIBRATIONS

MCGILL DAILY

The McGill Daily is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University. Printed by Union des Pressiers (FTQ), local 41, at L'imprimerie Dumont. Offices in the University Centre, 3480 McTavish, Montreal. The opinions expressed in its columns are those of the authors and not the official opinion of the Students' Council.

Editorial: 392-8955
Supplement: 392-8921
Advertising: 392-8902

Editor: Joey Treiger
Associate Editor: Tom Sorell
Managing Editor: Bob Doumani
Business Manager: David Sprague
News Editors: Phyllis Ball
Evelyn Schushelm
Amin Kassam
Assoc. Managing Ed. Rick Heybroek
Op-Ed Editor: Mike Prupas
Sports Editor: Josh Freed
Photo Editor: Alex Alpern
Supplement Editor: Charlie Gurd
Production Assistant: Ron Fleischman
Office Manager: Barb Shamy
Advertising: Gabor Zinner

A new doctrine of faith

As Doug Pringle of CKGM-FM has been saying, "There's a revolution going on and it's in our heads." But Pringle didn't have the patience to write four hundred pages about it so it was left to Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* to tell us all about what was happening to our consciousness.

Basically what has occurred is a return to the Pauline doctrine of faith. Anything can happen if you believe, but if you believe you don't quite have to do anything. Actually you do have to do something. Christianity offered the life of Christ as an archetype to be imitated. Reich is a bit less demanding, expecting only that you do your thing. As Reich has proven, through personal example, going to a Prep school, attending an Ivy League college, holding a teaching position at Yale, and being a celebrated writer are all part of doing your own thing. Appearances are deceiving, his life is not an American success story but a reflection of a whole new level of consciousness.

I had my closest encounter with this Consciousness III while eating at Rose Marie's a few weeks ago. I was given a tribal message by someone called Tom that July 21 would be an international peace day. Tom could not admit that perhaps things might not come off, which is an understandable attitude when you realize that July 21 would exist only if he believed in it (and you believed in it). What was even more interesting about July 21 was that its existence would never be validated by any celebration, moment of silence, prayer, etc. It would exist in the minds of those who believed. For them there was to be the realization that this is Peace Day...wow.

The trouble with Tom is that he's too late, everybody already believes in peace. The same can be said for Reich; everyone who's going to read the book already knows about Consciousness III. In fact it has already irrevocably altered the world. Politicians now flash peace signs and talk about the quality of life. Technocrats and bureaucrats are ashamed, and tell their children they make book for a living.

The youth culture or Consciousness III has become today as much the dominant culture in America as Existentialism was in France fifteen years ago. The press and the little journals are filled with its critics and apologists. In a sense the Second Coming has passed right by and we are all saved. But now what are we supposed to do?

Daniel Luchins

REPLY: Capturing the students' imagination

On the infrequent occasion that a Daily editorial chooses to deal with the Students' Society, the purpose is invariably to spread ashes on a corpse that is still warm. Actually this is a heartening development: being elevated from the status of "dead issue" to "terminal case" always is. More importantly, it gives student hacks like me an opportunity to reply to crusading journalists and editorials like Tom Sorell's "Students' Society - A Political Perspective."

Now that the question of solvency has become a critical one, it is easy to argue for the abolition of a body that manages to combine administrative ineptitude with political pussyfooting. It is far more difficult to create the "context for involvement" that the editorial calls for.

Students' Council's exceptionally mediocre record is really beside the point. Even the Hajaly-Hyman-Foster years were marked by a startling degree of bureaucratic miscalculation. The question here is whether or not the old school spirit can be resurrected. To suggest that anything more earthshaking was the cause of '68's involvement would be to misrepresent the

facts.

When the Hajaly group took over in '67 the issue of student reform had begun to animate a student body wary of frats and sororities and Greek latter honour societies. As soon as the issue of student representation expired, organizations like Council seemed hilariously out of place. But it is a mistake to think that the community action label can capture the imagination of students who are suspicious of promises and even more hostile to visionary master plans.

You can berate the hacks for being hacks but you can't fault them for knowing which way the wind is blowing. Not even a hack can realistically push for a programme of "community involvement" if he know in advance that there is nothing to finance it with. On this campus, "interest and involvement" are generated by the knowledge that resources exist to get things done. The line of causation cannot be reversed overnight or in the space of a month.

Meanwhile, the editorial questions the capacity of vigilante bureaucrats to execute projects of benefit to students. My impression is that vigilante bureaucrats

are the best we can hope for until the prospect of a revival ceases to be the impossibility it is today.

Immediate change is definitely in order. I suspect, however, that it cannot take the form either of Council resolutions on The Nature of Quebec or of editorials noting that Council needs goals. All this is obvious and has been for some time. My own view is that Council has to come across with the type of services that employ and benefit students at the same time, projects like loan funds and tutorial schemes as well as legal aid and community work. It has also been suggested that clubs and societies get a smaller slice of Council revenues for at least five years so that some money at least can be diverted to more worthwhile undertaking. While measures of this nature may release funds for the community activity that is the stuff of good news and better editorials, their capacity to generate sustained enthusiasm is open to conjecture.

Rene Sorell,
Arts and Science rep,
Students' Council.

Letters

Frats: another look

Sir,

Women's fraternities on the McGill campus are angry — at a closedmindedness on this campus that most McGill students would probably rather not acknowledge.

Proud of their so-called "liberal" attitudes, their broadminded tolerance of others' values, and their "awareness" of their environment, students at McGill have managed, by blindly condemning frats for the past five years, to condemn themselves to a position of ludicrous ignorance of what's happening right in front of them.

McGill's socially conscious population hasn't quite become

conscious of the fact that fraternities have changed — and are continuing to change — apparently at a considerably faster rate than the average McGill student can comprehend.

Fifteen years ago fraternities created an image for themselves of status-seeking, socially unconscious and snobbishly closed groups — and McGill swallowed the image whole — and even tried to digest it, by granting frat members a certain admiration. Unfortunately, the old image seems to have gotten stuck somewhere between consumption and excretion — and it's making the McGill student population look pretty stupid — for the simple reason that until they get rid of that old image they are going to suffer from the same mental constipation that characterizes their attitudes today.

How many times must McGill students be told that there is no

more "hazing" for new members of women's fraternities, and that, as a matter of fact, many frats are discussing abolishing the whole idea of initiations?

How many times do frat members have to condemn the old "black-ball" system of selective membership before this campus will accept that the black-ball is dead?

And now many innovations have to be made in a system so archaic that it almost negates the idea of change, to convince McGill that frats are fighting to change themselves — more than most "establishment institutions" are doing — right under this university's "socially conscious" nose. If some people on this campus would open their eyes and try to take an unbiased look at fraternities they might just discover that all those morally repulsive fraternity traditions that they're

(Continued on page 10)

Lean and Hungry

George Kopp

THIS IS FRABJOUS DAVE FOR 'CLAPTRAP' PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU'S LATEST OBSCENITY HAS THROWN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS INTO A DITHER. THE P.M. ALLEGEDLY MOUTHED THE EXPRESSION 'F-OFF' AT TWO CONSERVATIVE M.P.'S.



IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION AS TO HIS THOUGHTS AT THE TIME OF THE MOUTHING, HE REPLIED, "WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR THOUGHTS WHEN YOU SAY 'FUDDLE-DUDDLE'?"



IS THE REMARK WITHIN A FUDDLE-DUDDLE CONTEXT? MY GUEST TODAY IS THE WELL-KNOWN ORDINARY-LANGUAGE PHILOSOPHER, GILBERT BILE, PROF. BILE, WHAT IS A 'FUDDLE-DUDDLE' CONTEXT?



BEFORE WE DISCUSS THIS QUESTION, MR. DAVE, I THINK WE MUST AGREE THAT IT IS A QUESTION OF LANGUAGE AND NOT POLITICS. TO DISCUSS POLITICAL QUESTIONS I MUST REMOVE MY PHILOSOPHER'S HAT. OF COURSE I'M NOT REALLY WEARING A HAT, BUT...



OF COURSE, NOW YOU'RE ASKING AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT QUESTION. YOUR PRESENT QUESTION, WHICH IS OF THE FORM "IS THE PRESENT KING OF FRANCE BALD?" EMBODIES OUR DIFFICULTIES, WHICH COME FROM "SPEAKING PHILOSOPHICALLY" AS YOU PUT IT. YOU ARE MERELY BLOWING THE HORNS OF YOUR DILEMMA...



PLEASE DON'T CONFUSE THE ISSUE. BEFORE WE CAN ANSWER THAT, I THINK WE MUST GET CLEAR ON WHAT EXACTLY A FUDDLE-DUDDLE CONTEXT IS. THIS, I THINK, WAS IMPLIED IN YOUR PREVIOUS QUESTIONS, BUT THE GRAMMAR OF OUR LANGUAGE SEDUCES US INTO THE BOULDER OF CATEGORY-MISTAKE, SO...



IF MY GRAMMA TRIED TO SEDUCE ME I'D TELL HER TO F-OFF!



Students' Society Elections

Nominations are hereby called for
the following positions

- **PRESIDENT**
- **VICE-PRESIDENT,
INTERNAL AFFAIRS**
- **VICE-PRESIDENT,
EXTERNAL AFFAIRS**
- **SEVEN (7) STUDENTS'
SOCIETY REPRESENTATIVES
ON SENATE**

- a) Nominations for President must be signed by at least 100 members of the McGill Students' Society together with their year and faculty, and for the positions of Vice-President and Senate Representatives by at least 50 members of the Students' Society together with their year and faculty.
- b) These positions may be held by any member of the McGill Students' Society in good standing with the University, except:
- i. partial students taking less than three courses
 - ii. students registered in the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research who are non-resident students or full members of the teaching staff.

- **TWO (2) COUNCIL
REPRESENTATIVES FROM
THE FACULTY OF
GRADUATE STUDIES
AND RESEARCH**

- a) Nominations must be signed by at least 25 students of the Graduate Faculty.
- b) Any graduate student in good standing may hold these positions.

ALL NOMINATIONS MUST CONTAIN ONLY THOSE WORDS PRINTED IN THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY ELECTORAL BY-LAWS AS CONTAINED ON PAGE 29 OF THE STUDENT HANDBOOK. THEY MUST BE COUNTERSIGNED BY THE NOMINEE, WHO SHOULD ALSO INCLUDE HIS NAME AND ADDRESS, AND BE HANDED TO THE SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY BY

4 P M, FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1971

Ashley F. Hilliard
Chief Returning Officer

Students to have job priority

by Donna Balkan

As of last week's Senate meeting, McGill students will be given priority when applying for jobs within the University.

These opportunities would include those jobs available in all departments, as well as McGill-run business operations, such as the bookstore.

The change in policy was a result of a meeting held between members of the Students' Society executive and the administration. The policy is the result of a Students' Council motion last term.

In a letter to Students' Society Internal Vice-President Kevin O'Connell, J.R. Ross O'Farrell, Director of Administrative Services, emphasized the need for central agencies to carry out this policy. Presently, departments hire and fire part-time employees in a decentralized fashion.

"The methods and procedures for implementing this are not well set up and are not working," O'Farrell stated. He hopes that the Student Placement Service and the Personnel Department will work in close coordination in providing more available jobs for students.

Under this programme, the Placement Service would receive all applications for employment from students.

Then the Service would inform the Personnel Department of suitable candidates for the available positions. The selection will be made by the two agencies.

Mr. Finn Sandsta, of the Placement Service, believes that this policy will be successful in obtaining more jobs for students. He also stated that it will be necessary to canvass all departments to see how many opportunities are actually available.



CARS AVAILABLE

For Toronto, Maritime provinces, Western Canada and Florida. Driver must be 21 or over and have current driver's license. Call Montreal Driveaway Service Ltd. 4018 St. Catherine St. W. Tel. 937-2816.



ABORTIONS ARE LEGAL IN NEW YORK

For information and immediate hospital appointments call

**PREGNANCY CONTROL
CENTER, INC.**

16 WEST 86th STREET
New York, New York
212 873-1496

(Call early in the morning, our lines are usually free then)



**TODAY
DISCOTEK
COFFEE
LOUNGE**

8:30 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Let's get together and
mix it up a bit.

50¢

THE BIOLOGY STUDENTS' UNION and THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

present

THE SECOND SYMPOSIUM ON TEACHING

featuring

THE CENTRE FOR LEARNING AND DEVELOPMENT

THE INSTRUCTIONAL COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE

Date: Friday, 19 February

Place: S1/4 Stewart Bldg.

Time: 2:00 p.m.

EVERYONE WELCOME

Architectural Undergraduates Society presents

FÉLIX CANDELA

World renowned architect-engineer

on

"Thin Shell Structures"

L-26 Friday Feb. 19th 8 P.M.

HILLEL STUDENTS' SOCIETY IS PLEASED TO SNOWBALL YOU INTO:

A Skating & Tobogganing Party,

ON BEAVER LAKE

Bus leaving from 3460 Stanley St.,

Sat. Feb. 20th, 7:30 PM

Returning to Hillel 10:30 - 11:00

&

An Après-Tobogganing Party

Refreshments Provided.

\$ 1.00

McGill Premedical Society

presents

Dr. W. Novick (R.V.H.)

on

"MODERN OTORHINOLARYNGOLOGY"

Friday, Feb. 19, 1 PM.

Francis Seminar Room - 4th floor - McIntyre (enter via Medical Library on 3rd floor).

LETTERS...

(Continued from page 8)

always shouting about have disappeared. They might even find a social institution malleable enough to survive in our "alienated" society.

When all the trappings of age are stripped from the old fraternal ideal, what remains is a commitment of brotherhood that doesn't exactly contradict the aquarian ideal of love and peace (That's right — not snobbery or status, or hedonism — just fraternity).

I'm not telling everyone at McGill to join a fraternity — just to take another look at frats. It's every student's own decision whether or not he or she joins a fraternity, but for God's sake don't keep demonstrating your ignorance of the situation by mouthing off about the evils of an institution that disappeared five years ago.

Tricia Macgowan
Kappa Alpha Theta

For those who
think Young...

Sir,
While pseudo-sociologists and

self-appointed do-gooders continue to demand costly tax-funded "programs" to entertain, occupy and placate our young people, I charge that much of our so-called youth problem stems from having "programmed" our young people clean out of their creativity, self-reliance and appreciation for things earned.

Fed, clothed, housed, educated, entertained, picked up after and indulged, many have come to believe that the world owes them a living — that they have a "right" to phonograph, tape recorder, bicycle or automobile, weekly allowance and key to the door devoid of responsibility, accountability or authority. The result? Youth has become arrogant; and bored — teenage tyrants seeking new thrills and new powers by way of drugs, riots, four-letter words, freaky clothes and a contempt for authority.

In "programming" our children from their first kindergarten "date" and muscling in on their lives as inane "swinging" pals — afraid to exercise discipline lost, someone recognise the grey beneath their beanie cap, we are not only phoney intruders, but rob

youngsters of their individual dreams and aspirations — the green years so necessary to growth, mental development and self respect.

The time has come to recognise the stupidity of blaming a "generation gap" and to accept the reality of the various levels of development and their accompanying responsibilities and authorities. If we need proof of this, we need only examine the great teachings of the world — Christian, Buddhist, Jewish, Confucian and Hindu wherein each offer clear guidelines on the "rights" and "responsibilities" of each generation. Only the Western world seems to have lost its perspective and created such phoney issues as a "generation gap."

Patricia Young
Vancouver

Stone - throwing and
Mud - slinging -
Canadian style

Sir,
With regard to your Editorial

CEGEP...

(Continued from page 1)

rent ouverts et que les cours continuent à se donner selon l'horaire établi.

CONDITIONS

Suite à la lettre du directeur général, datée du 15 février 1971,

1. — J'accepte de ne participer à aucune activité préjudiciable à la bonne marche des cours ou jetant du discrédit sur le Collège;

2. — J'accepte de me conformer aux DIRECTIVES publiées dans le GUIDE DE L'ETUDIANT 70-71.

Je suis conscient (e) que si je déroge à ces exigences, je serai passible d'expulsion immédiate, et je signe:

DATE.

.....
Numéro matricule.

on the Constitutional Conference and those "reactionary western governments" (Feb. 10th), people in glass-houses shouldn't throw stones. Unfortunately your opinion is indicative of many other Central Canadians who find intolerable divers opinions from outside a very narrowly defined geographic area e.g. Outremont, Westmount, Rockcliffe, or Forest Hills.

Robert Lethbridge

Plays

Sir,
Few people know this, but I will tell you: the entire McGill philosophy, sociology and English departments moonlight on week-ends as cherubs and satyrs in Passion Plays.

W. Pleasure
W. Funn

Radical Economics...

(Continued from page 5)

formation." More recently, a radical has analyzed it all as the "Keynesian Counter-Revolution." The truth seems to be that everyone is making too much of what, seen in perspective, was a belch in church, at best a palace coup.

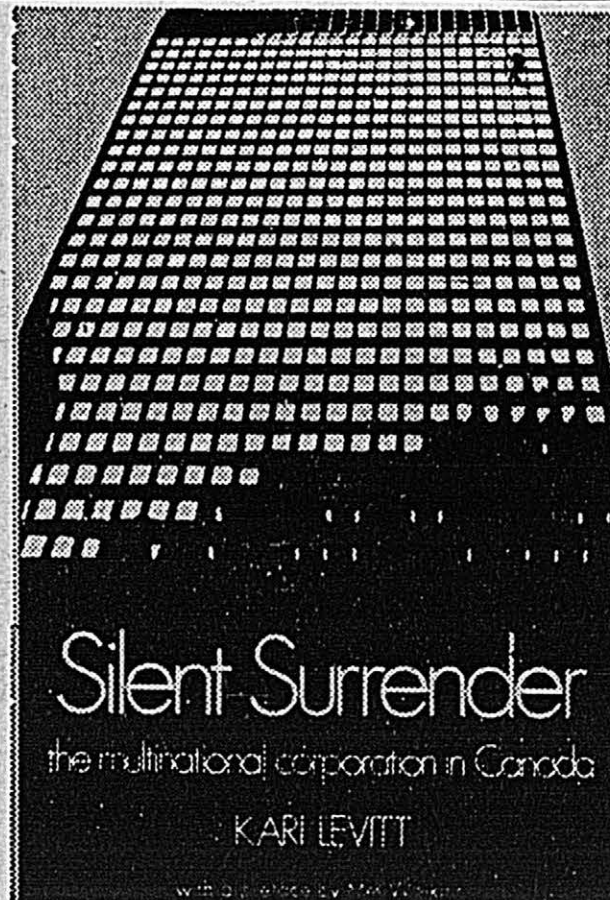
For Keynes too was a neo-classical economist who, in his theory, left all the assumptions of that theory intact except for those having to do with the relationships between savings, consumption, and income. That was enough to allow a peep into why depressions can happen. It did not, could not, do much toward explaining the economy, let alone how politics and other social relationships interact with the economy over time (in its aggregate behavior). It should be noted that Keynes was clearly convinced, outside the highly abstract static theory, that industrial capitalism was stagnating, and that its survival required institutional reform — to prevent socialism. His successors have performed a neat trick: They have neglected this basic concern, and neglected also to recognize that we have avoided stagnation by militarization.

So, up to and including today, the profession goes on with neo-classical methodology, but now, instead of trying to figure out that egg and tea problem, and, even worse, quite without consciousness of what it is doing, tries to explain and to prescribe for the overall economic growth and unemployment problems of the USA, economic development in India, and just about anything else that hits the news that relates to economics.

Economists since the Thirties have tried to be in their Now generation — i.e., they have tried to respond to the latest headlines or the system's policy needs in ways that set them off from their neo-classical progenitors. Fine. But they have tried to do so always starting and always returning to an analytical apparatus that was designed for an entirely different set of questions — questions that set aside, to repeat, time, technology and technological development, social institutions, change, and conflict. When economists make sense — and that happens — it is despite their training, and because they are sane and observant.

Contemporary economists have also moved far ahead of their predecessors in technique, and far beyond them in levels of abstraction — all this while trying to handle questions that presume to relate to the real jungle of social relationships. For students of economics today, both undergraduate and graduate, what this means is that more time, energy, and spirit have to be drained and used in the mastery of technique — more and more and more. And what is neglected even more, over time, is the reality of the economy, the society.

In short, the theoretical underpinnings of economics, and the institutional underpinnings of economists, give us a discipline whose theory works from scarcity to efficiency in its "micro" half in an economy whose human problems revolve around an insane structure of production, an im-



A Canadian Study

moral structure of income distribution, and a productive capacity that, far from having scarcity, has surplus as its problem (a problem resolved by increasing the insanity and the murderousness of the productive mix); and that, in its "macro" half emphasizes stabilization and measured growth ignoring the economic consequences of the former (e.g., unemployment) and the social consequences of the latter (e.g., pollution, trivialization, and worse). Economists who move away from micron and macro theory do so without theory, and their reasoning and their recommendations mirror either the hard desires or the soft rhetoric of those who rule us.

To say all this is to say something else: The complaints of students, though justified in full when they point to dullness, irrelevance, and what appears to be prostitution, are misplaced when they make individuals their targets. It is a system that has produced our economics, and that system is today in deep trouble. Therefore, economics, which was developed to serve a system that was growing in strength and confidence, is also in deep trouble. The crisis in economics, as in the rest of education, will be resolved if and when, and in the same directions, as we resolve our deeper social crisis. But the resolution will not be a favorable one if we seek to make it only by yelling at the — usually unconscious — servants of the dying system.

A jungle remains a jungle until it is mapped, and in the development of economics in the past century very few have recognized the jungle as existing, let alone as some-

thing to study. Those who have, have been radical, but they have no profession (or better, collective) with which to work.

That's what we must seek, and develop. There are many reasons why radicals even at their best have done an inadequate job — the jungle is complicated and threatening. But among those reasons is that we have worked so far apart from each other, in spirit as well as geographically. That is changing a bit now, not least with the lively and promising Union for Radical Political Economics (URPE, P.O. Box 287, Cambridge, Mass., 02138). But for URPE to make serious headway, the movement for change of the entire society must also make serious headway.

Education, and within it, economics, reflects and serves the society that supports it. This society is one struggling to change, and the primary task of radical economists is to show what it is that must be changed, why, and how, — and towards what. We need a theory of capitalist society, and of social change. Marx took us the first few steps; the rest we have to do ourselves.

Some books for building a radical perspective on Economics, Capitalism, and the American economy:

Monopoly Capital

Paul Baran and Paul Sweezy

The Political Economy of Growth

Paul Baran

Marxist Economic Theory (2 Vols.)

Ernest Mandel

Capital (3 Vols.)

Karl Marx

Absentee Ownership

Thorstein Veblen

Wealth and Power in America

The Triumph of Conservatism

Gabriel Kolko

Who Rules America

William Domhoff

The Politics of Oil

Robert Engler

The Power Elite

White Collar

C. Wright Mills

Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy

Barrington Moore

The Making of the English Working Class

E.P. Thompson

Classes in Modern Society

T.B. Bottomore

Rich Man Poor Man

Herman P. Miller

Capitalism Socialism and Democracy

Joseph A. Schumpeter

The Age of Imperialism

Harry Magdoff

The New Empire

Walter LaFabier

The Great Evasion

Contours of American History

William A. Williams

Economic Philosophy

Joan Robinson

Economics: Mainstream Readings and Radical Critiques

David Mermelstein

today

BERTRAND RUSSELL COLLOQUIUM ON EXACT PHIL: Harry Beatty speaking on Modal logic. 3479 Peel, 2nd Floor, 4 pm.

FACULTY OF MUSIC: Works by Purcell, Somers, Barber, and Berger, directed by Wayne Riddell. Redpath Hall, Adults \$1.50, Students \$0.50, 8:30 pm.

RED & WHITE REVUE 1971: "Three Magic Words". Moyse Hall, 8:30 pm.

PREMED: Dr. W. Novick on "Modern Otorhinolaryngology". Francis Seminar Rm., 4th floor McIntyre, 1 pm.

MSEA: Easy Rider. L132, 6, 8, 10 pm.

GAMMA PHI BETA: Gamma Phi's welcoming all girls for lunch. 3448a Peel Street (down the alley), 12-2 pm.

OLD MCGILL: This is it; last day for grad photos. B44, all day.

RADIO MCGILL INSOUND: 5 pm - The City-news wrap-up of the week. Campus, 2-8 pm.

DELTA GAMMA WOMEN'S FRAT: D.G.'s welcome all girls to lunch. 625 Milton No. 202, 12-2.

ALPHA OMICRON PI WOMEN'S FRAT: Invites all girls to come and have lunch. 3570 University, 12-2.

DAILY SUPPLEMENT: Art exhibition. Union main floor, all day.

SIC: For info and help, come see us. Union switchboard, 12-3 pm.

MFS FRIDAY NITE: Thomas Crowne Affair with Steve McQueen. L132, 6:30 and 9 pm.

PRE-MED INFO: Rap with med students, McIntyre 620, 1-2 pm.

ARAB STUDENTS' SOC: Social club entertainments and free refreshments. Union B26, 5:30.

AMATEUR RADIO VEZUN: Meeting with speeches by candidates. Nominations close at 1:15, Union 401.

GEORGIAN PLAYERS: "The Sport of My Mad Mother" a play by Ann Jellicoe. Students \$1.50, Public \$2.00. Douglas Burns Clarke Theatre of S.G.W.U., 8:30 pm.

ALPHA GAMMA DELTA: Invites all women to lunch. 3563 University Apt. 10, 12-2 pm. Coffee and buns at 3-5 pm.

WOMEN'S INTERCOL ICE HOCKEY: McGill vs Western semi-finals of WITCA tournament. Winter stadium, 12 noon.

CHINESE STUDENT SOC: Orient Bowl team meeting and warm-up, Currie Gym; 7 pm.

GERMAN DEPT: Two films: Absurd Theatre and Liesl Karlstadt by Karl Valentin (Brecht)

FRIDAY NIGHT DISCOTHEQUE (ISA): Union coffee lounge, 8:30. \$0.50.

ARMENIAN STUDENTS SOC: Basketball game vs Sir George Williams Armenian Club. Currie Gym, 5 pm.

CANTERBURY, ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Meeting to discuss folk mass. Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer, 1 pm.

MSS: Trip to Quebec. Leaves 5 pm. from McIntyre (1200 Pine) & returns Sunday at 3. Rtn bus fare \$5.

SATURDAY

RED & WHITE REVUE 1971: Your last chance to see "Three Magic Words" an original musical comedy of the '20's. Moyse Hall, 8:30.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY

Orient Bowl Basketball Tournament. Currie Gym, 9 pm. Film show "Home in Taipei". PSCA, 2, 7, 9 pm. Mixer-\$0.50 admission. Coffee Lounge, 9 pm.

SKYDIVING: First jump for beginners. St. Antoine, all day.

INDIA INTERNATIONAL: Indian film "Shree 420" - Taj Mahal. 5625 Decelles Ave., 2:30 and 7:30 pm.

WOMEN'S INTERCOL ICE HOCKEY: Consolation and playoff games between McGill, McMaster, Western, and Guelph. Winter Stadium, 9 am and 11:30 am.

GEORGIAN PLAYERS: "The Sport of My Mad Mother" by Ann Jellicoe. Students \$1.50, Public \$2.00. Douglas Burns Clarke Theatre of SGWU, 8:30 pm.

SUNDAY

GARDNER HALL FILM CLUB: "Let it Be" The Beatles, 3925 University Street, 6, 8 and 10 pm.

MTL CHAMBER SINGERS: Evening of Italian Madrigals. Divinity Hall, 8:30 pm.

CHINESE STUDENT SOC: Orient Bowl semi-final and final, Currie Gym, 9 am.

BIOLOGY STUDENTS UNION: Symposium on teaching - Centre for Learning and Development and instructional communications. Stewart S1/4 2 pm.

ISA QUEBEC CARNIVAL: Bring sleeping bag. Union. Sat. 8 am.

CANTERBURY-ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Folk mass discussion. Back Door, 985 Sherbrooke W 5 pm.

Intramurals...

(Cont. from page 12)

our hats and remember him in a moment of silence. Thank you very much Goat. May your memory live long in the hearts of smokers everywhere. And I'll see you at the finals on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at the winter Stadium.

In spite of this week's setback, I am going to put my foot in my mouth in honour of The Great Goat and pick Engineering to improve my record to 17 for 18. A late flash has Engineering 2 Arts 1 on a goal with less than a minute to go. Please come back and help me Big 0.

THIS WEEKEND

SENIOR HOCKEY: Fri. Feb. 19th - McGill at Queen's 8.00 p.m.

FENCING FINALS: O.Q.A.A. at McGill Starting at 10.00 a.m.

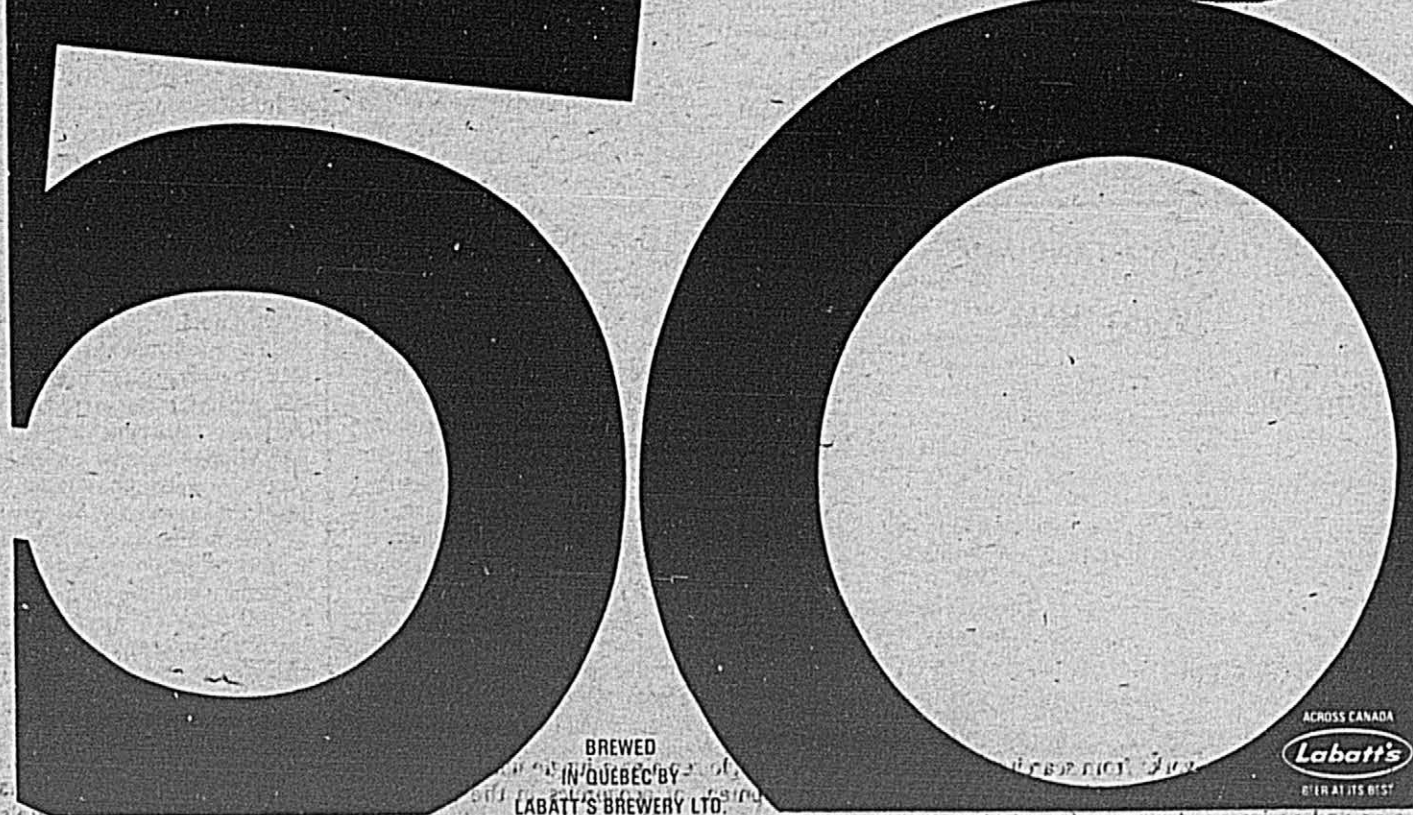
SWIMMING: O.Q.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS at Queen's Fri. Sat. Feb. 19th and 20th.

WRESTLING: O.Q.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS at Queen's Fri. Sat. Feb. 19th and 20th.



Enjoy yourself...
Take five
for 50 ale

Move with the
50 crowd



BREWED

IN QUEBEC BY

LABATT'S BREWERY LTD.

ACROSS CANADA

Labatt's

BEST AT ITS BEST

Carleton must lose Saturday

McGill's fate in Queen's lap

by Herschy Katz

In a very business-like manner, the Redmen company of Reid-Hold et al Ltd. terminated an active league schedule Tuesday evening with a 104-73 win over the Bishops Gaitors. At times the Redmen showed signs of ineptitude; however, they eventually came to life with some precision playmaking to put the game out of reach. Even coach Mooney, noted for his "Silly Walks" and "Silly Talks" ended up sitting on the bench and enjoying the game.

Ending a rough road trip, which included two games in La Beauce and one in Madrid against the always brutal Spanish Inquisition, the Gaitors could only manage to contain the Redmen for one half. From the tip-off in the second half the McGill squad added ten quick points to their 50-44 half time lead to run away with the match.

All members were contributors to the victory in one way or another. A jubilant troisième étoile, Bill Swinden, led the scoring parade with 21 markers. The first two stars, Mike Walton and Johnny Bower were unavailable to comment on their performances as they were too busy skating around centre court after the game.

Other Redmen marksmen were Chad Gaffield with 18 points and Henri Janssen with 16. Effective board controllers were Howie Roseman and Janssen, each with 17 rebounds. Honourable men-

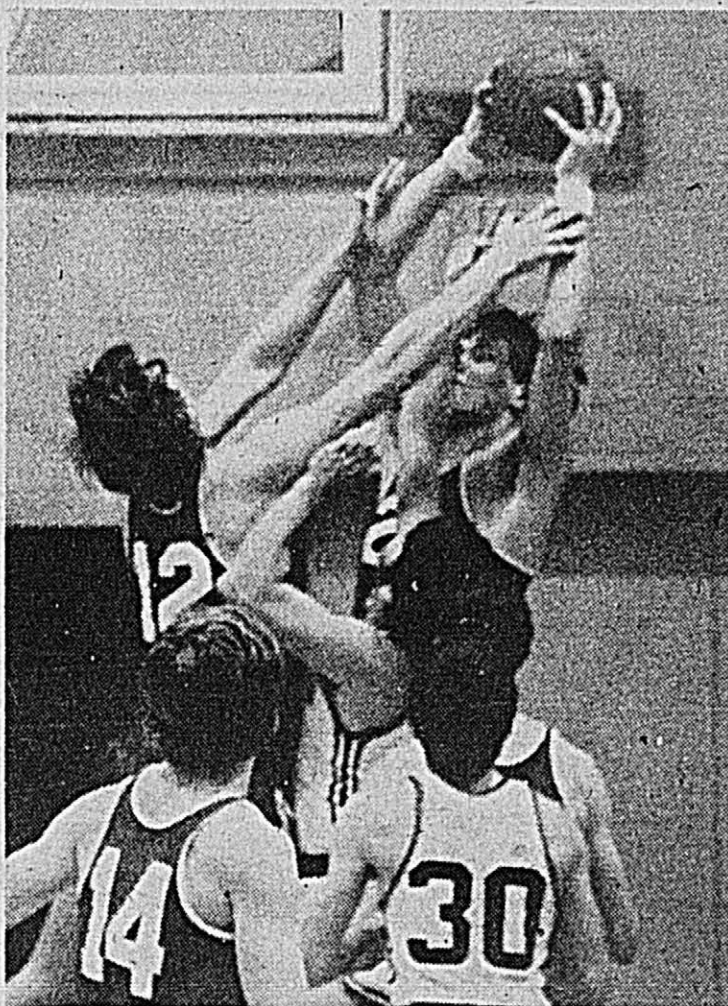


photo by Alex Alpern

ALL HANDS ON THE BALL: Henri Janssen and Bill Holt dispute logistics of ball-control.

tion should go to Chancellor Ross and Vice Principal Frost as they are good board men as well.

Although they did not figure prominently in the scoring column, Jerry St. Pierre and Art Sandman both showed some ag-

gressiveness in aiding the cause. St. Pierre, for one, did everything to get his hands on the ball. Tactics such as trading the Brooklyn Bridge for the basketball worked three times before the befuddled Gaitors caught on.

Sandman, whose limbering-up exercises include pacing the Phantom Runner (sic) and leaping tall buildings in a single bound showed great offensive ability in converting several driving layups.

Mentor Mooney also showed some new moves never before witnessed at McGill. An unconfirmed report, circulating in this writer's head states that the Mooner is seeking employment as the Under-Secretary to the Minister of Silly Walks next year in Ottawa. If this is the case, and I just said it was, then Mooney showed that he is a prime candidate for the job.

Prompted by a referee's poor call during the game, Thomas "Two-Sheds" Mooney jumped up from his seat on the bench whereupon he quickly proceeded into a double lutz followed by a triple axle and ended with his big toe fitting neatly into a nook at the end of the bench.

Another rumor circulating in

this reporter's head says that Mooney did not compete in last night's Silly Walks contest because he did not want to endanger his professional status. Judging by what was seen last night, coach Mooney has nothing to worry about.

Although this game marked the end of the regular season schedule for the Redmen, they are playing two exhibition games at home this weekend. The big game, the one that decides the future of McGill's OQAA playoff chances, will be in Kingston. Ironically the hopes of the Redmen lie in the hands of the Queen's Golden Gaels. They must defeat the Carleton Ravens Saturday night for the Redmen to have a shot at the playoffs.

If the Gaels do win then the Redmen and the Ravens will both end up in second place behind the Gaels in the OQAA Eastern Division. Since only the first two teams make the playoffs, a tie-breaking game will have to be played in Ottawa next week to decide on who moves into the playoffs.

This may sound strange but let's hope like hell that Queens wins Saturday night in Kingston.

JVs crown Bishop's 81-54

by Laurie and Issie

Last Tuesday's JV basketball game featured one element that was reminiscent of just about any professional NBA contest. This one facet of the sport has endured over recent years as a perennial crowd-pleaser, and has even managed to entertain the players themselves. Usually this characteristic does not emerge until the calibre of play is little short of pro ball. But to the surprise and delight of all who saw the JVs defeat Bishop's, 81-54, such a relative rarity

occurred.

As to the nature of this dilemma... could it have been due to the dogged ball-hawking of Abe Benaroya, whose determined pursuits kept the opposition on their toes? Or was it the aggressive antics of John Derby, whose belligerence kept the opposition on their seats? Perhaps it was the thorough rebounding. May be the intellectual intimidation by Coach Sam Wismisner?

Alas, no; it was Cliff Bochner who was the focal point; Cliff Bochner on whom all eyes burned as he glided up the floor;

Cliff Bochner who dazzled friend and foe alike with his seemingly superficial, yet thoroughly profound depth; and Cliff Bochner who brought all the players on the court to their collective knees when he sheepishly inquired after a hectic scrimmage, "Could you all please help me look for my contact lens?"

The success of the ensuing search mirrored McGill's effort. It took, in fact, quite a little effort to subdue Bishop's as the Indians dominated play from the onset. Saul Markman was the local idle with 18 points. Derby and Bochner followed with 16 and 14 points, respectively, while Kevin Walsh contributed 13.

Tuesday's triumph set the stage for the showdown tonight at Sir George. The situation was unravelled by the coach, whose illiteracy immediately came into question when he rambled the following: "If we defeat Sir George then we assume undisputed position of first place. If we happen to forfeit this evening's encounter, and either Loyola beats Bishop's, or Bishop's beats Loyola, or vice versa, then there is a stalemate. Undoubtedly if this were the case the conclusion that could be resolved would retroactively determine a decisive factor in substantiating the fate of the penny candy..."

O.Q.A.A. STANDINGS

BASKETBALL

WESTERN DIVISION

	GP	W	L	PTS
Waterloo	9	7	2	14
Windsor	8	6	2	12
Western	9	6	3	12
McMaster	9	5	4	10
Guelph	9	2	7	4
Toronto	8	0	8	0

EASTERN DIVISION

Queen's	5	4	1	8
Carleton	5	3	2	6
McGill	6	3	3	6
Ottawa	6	1	5	2

Intramurals

Big Brother bombs

by Big Brother

Yeah, it had to happen some time. I finally made a mistake. My gypsy let me down. The cards failed me. And just when I was about to be enshrined forever in the Seer's Hall of Fame with a 17 for 17 perfect record; I was betrayed.

The man chiefly responsible for this dismal failure is none than that gentle giant John Naponick. For those of you who don't know, John is 6'10" and weighs around 300 pounds. When he first arrived at McGill, these words were penned about him: "...has been observed dribbling a medicine ball down University street. He can also bend steel barbells in his bare hands, leap tall backboards at a single bound."

Last Monday night, he led his Med Q squad to a convincing 43-38 victory over the world famous Talbotians. Naponick was responsible for 22 of these points despite very close coverage by Dan Dulmage who weighs in at around 250 himself, and was drafted in the second round by the Eskimos.

The Talbotians took a 17-14 lead in the first half on the strength of Irv Dylewski's 10 points from the floor and some hot foul shooting by many others. However they appeared to be intimidated by Naponick's presence and missed several easy lay ups.

In the second half, Med Q roared back with some fine drives and tied the score at 19-19. The two teams traded the lead several times, but, with Naponick scoring almost at will, Med Q pulled ahead, despite Ned Mehlman's excellent outside shooting which kept the Talbotians close. Mehlman finished the game with 16 points, high for the losers.

The result left the Talbotians a thoroughly dejected team while Med Q was reported to be ecstatic with repeating last year's championship. After the game, the armchair coaches were wondering why the faster Talbotians didn't run on Med Q. I cried as my chance for glory slipped through my fingers once again. Should I start over at 0 for 0, or keep on at 16 for 17 with one tie. Tune in next week as this cliff hanger draws to a conclusion.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, on Monday, Science beat Medicine in Hockey 4-2 on goals by Carter, Gill, Crutchfield and Granofsky. Medicine countered with goals by Robert and Solomon.

The story on Wednesday's game came by goat express and all that could be comprehended was that Arts lost to Engineering. The goat was so exhausted from his run down from the stadium that he expired on the spot before he could say either the score or the scorers. Anybody from the Arts team who wants to claim a very cute goat corpse should apply at the Daily office. We should all doff

(Cont. on page 11)